

THE Tatler

& Bystander

2s.6d. weekly 11 April 1962



ONDON SEASON NUMBER

How to marry a millionaire...



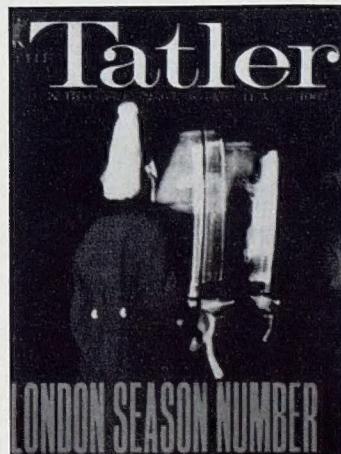
THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s 6d WEEKLY

11 APRIL, 1962

Volume 244 Number 3163

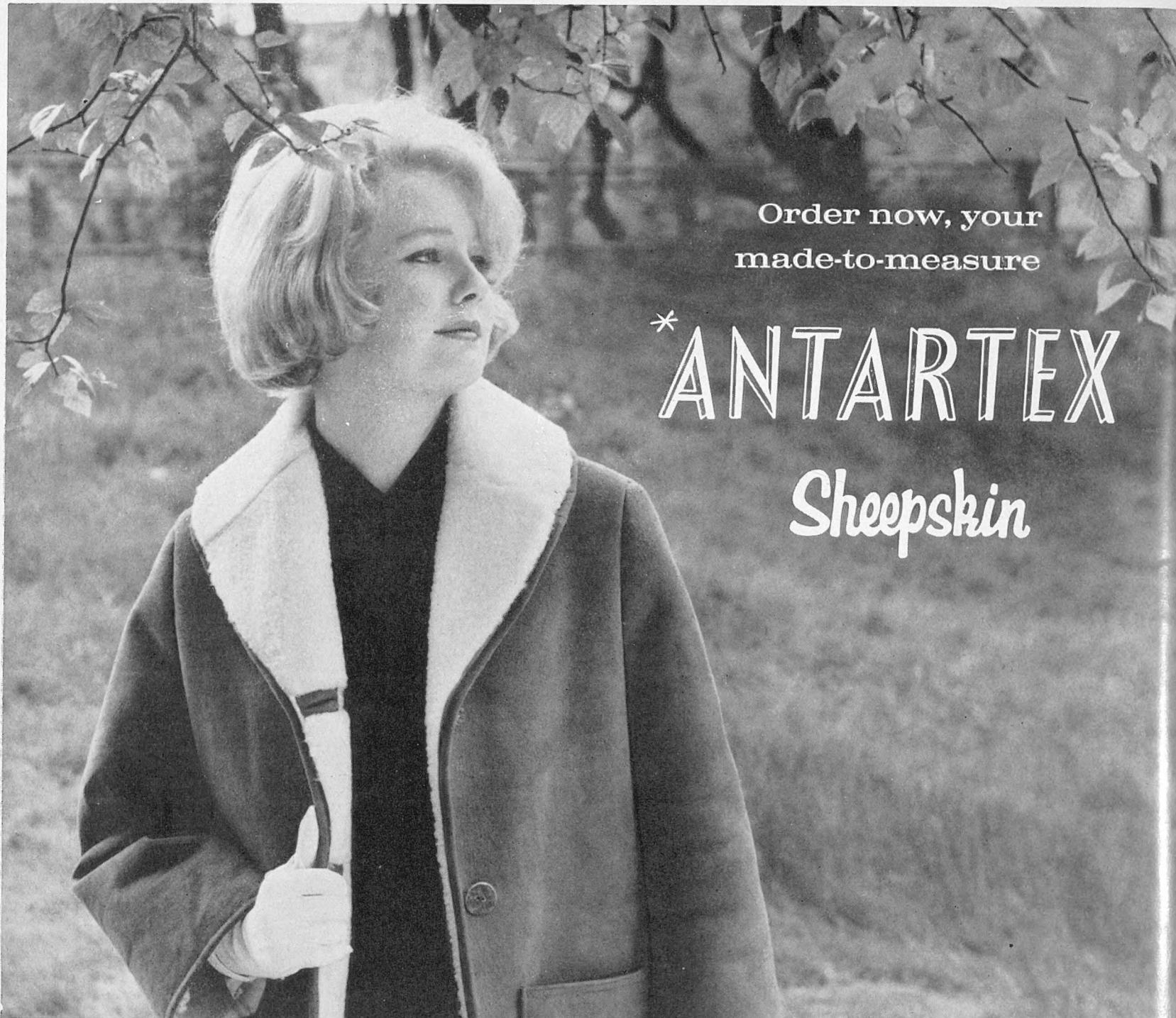
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The London season is best expressed in colour—the brilliance of daffodils in St. James's Park, the swirl of dazzling white at Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball or the red of a Life Guard's greatcoat in Roger Hill's evocative cover picture. Appropriately this issue has colour too—see page 102 for Patterns of Spring among the bulb fields of Holland. Muriel Bowen's column concentrates on the London scene; it begins on page 89. And debutantes with ambitions to become models should turn to the photographic feature on page 96.—Falcon took the pictures

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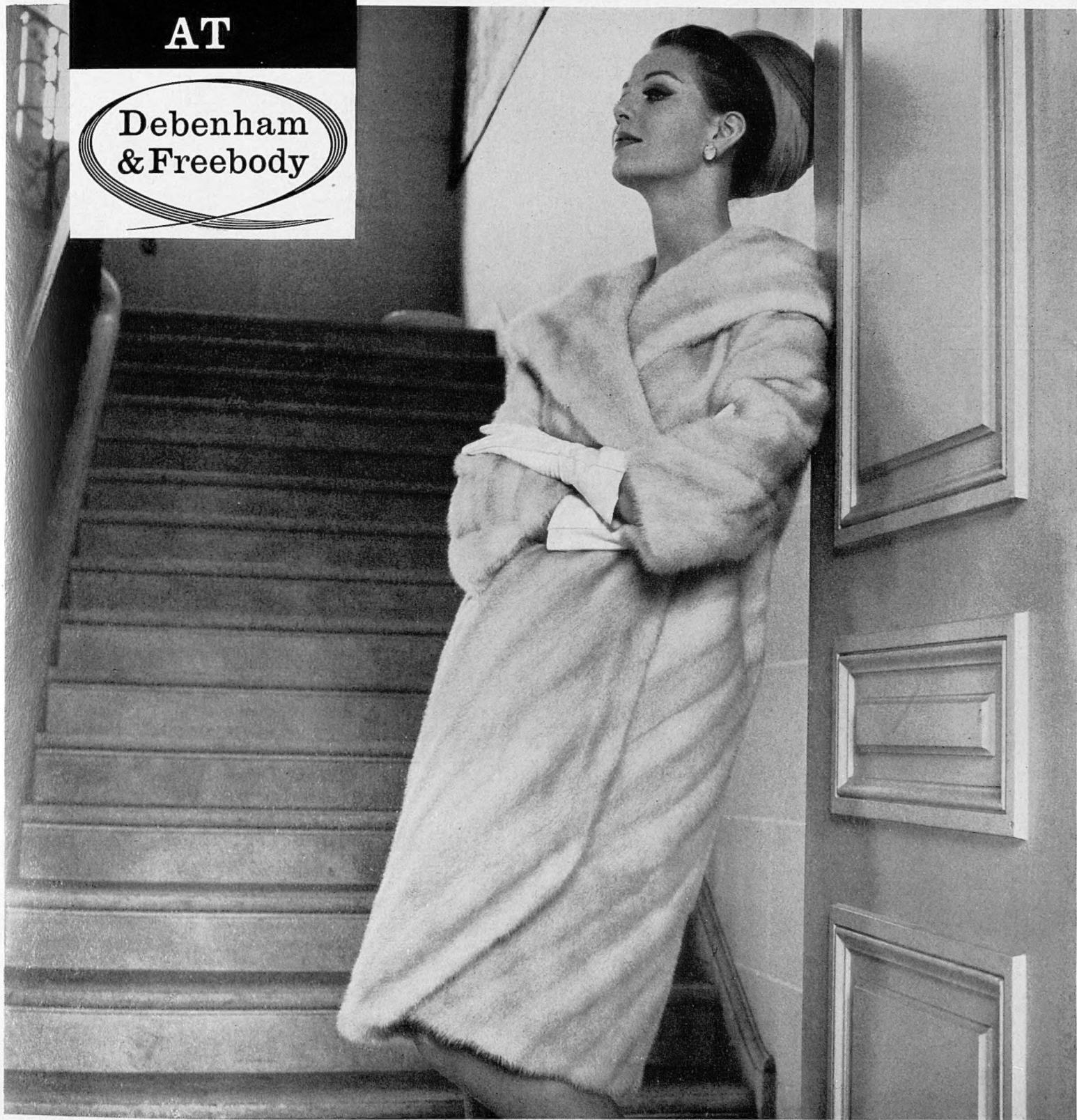
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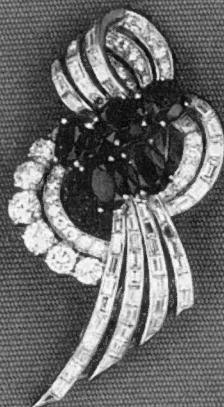
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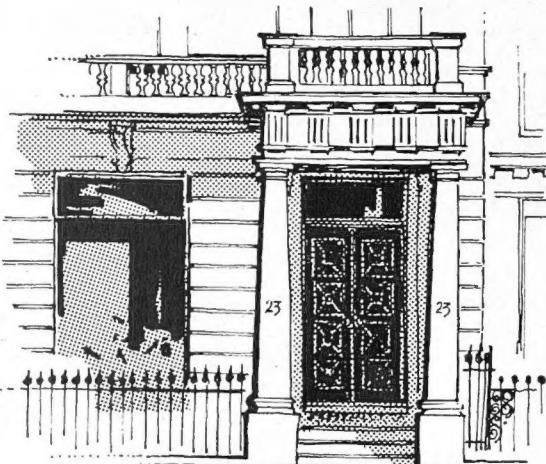
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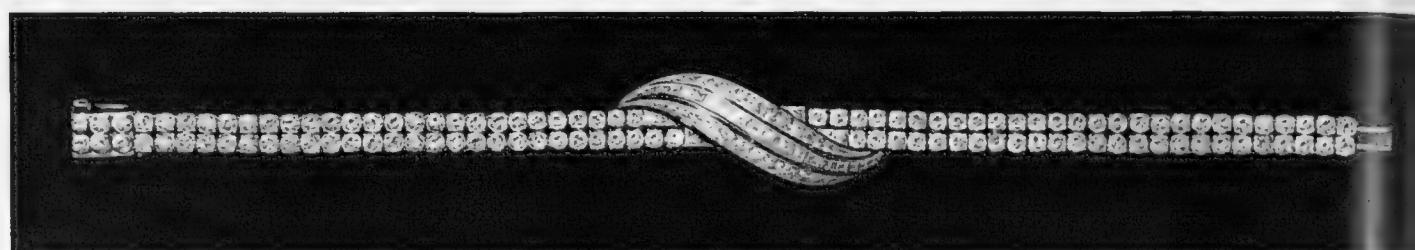
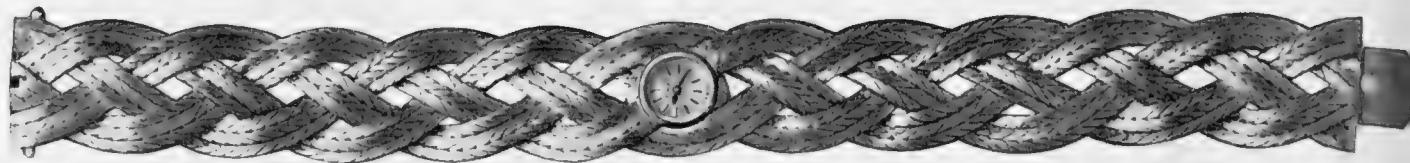
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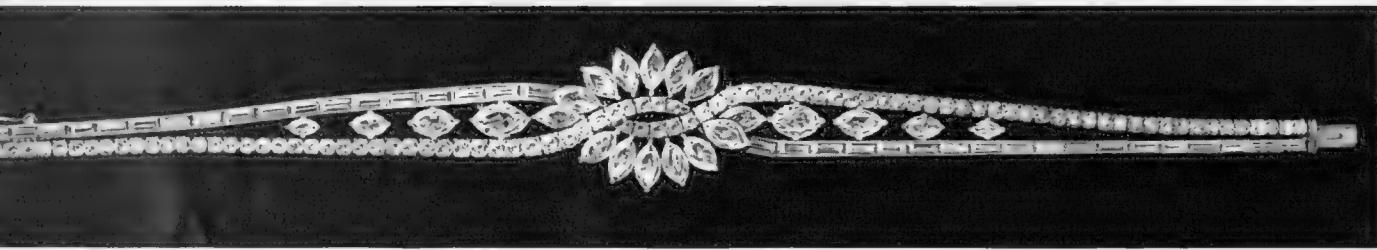
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GOING PLACES

THE SEASON'S EVENTS

Queen Charlotte's Ball, Grosvenor House. (Tickets: Queen Charlotte's Ball Secretary, Vincent House, Vincent Square, S.W.1.) 1 May.

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, opens 5 May.

Royal Windsor Horse Show, 10-12 May.

Royal Caledonian Ball, Grosvenor House. (Tickets £3 15s. inc. dinner, 2 15s. ball only, from Sir Simon Campbell-Orde, Grosvenor House.) 1 May.

Lyndbourne Festival Opera, Glyndebourne, Sussex, 21 May—19 Aug.

Chelsea Flower Show, private view, Royal Hospital Grounds, Chelsea, May.

Hooping the Colour, Horse Guards Parade, 11 a.m., 2 June.

Derby, Epsom, 6 June.

Amateur Golf Championship, Royal Liverpool, 11-16 June.

Antique Dealers' Fair, Grosvenor House, 13-18 June.

Royal Society of British Artists, Summer Exhibition, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, 14 June—7 July.

Men's Cup Polo, Windsor, 17 June.

Royal Ascot Races, 19-22 June.

Guards' Boat Club Ascot Ball, Guards' Boat Club, Maidenhead. (Tickets, members only, from the Secretary.) 20 June.

Second Test Match: England v. Pakistan, Lord's, 21-26 June.

Centenary Ball of the Naval & Military Club. (Tickets: The Secretary, Naval & Military Club, Pall Mall.) 27 June.

All England Lawn Tennis Championships, Wimbledon, 25 June—7 July. The Queen will attend gala performance of *Sail Away* at the Savoy Theatre in aid of the Edwina Mountbatten Trust, 28 June.

Meath Hunt Ball, Gresham Hotel, Dublin, 29 June.

Irish Derby, The Curragh, 30 June.

County Cup Polo, Cirencester, 1 July.

Henley Royal Regatta, Henley-on-Thames, 4-7 July.

Eton v. Harrow Match, Lord's (provisional) 6-7 July.

The Queen will attend a Masque to open the City of London Festival, at the Mansion House, 9 July.

Peterborough Agricultural Show, 17-19 July.

The Queen will attend Lingfield Park Races, in aid of the Olympic Games and International Equestrian Fund, 14 July.

Prince Philip will attend the Highland Society of London banquet, Grosvenor House, 19 July.

Cowdray Park Gold Cup for polo, Cowdray Park, 22 July.

Royal International Horse Show, the White City, 23-28 July.

Game Fair, Longleat, Wiltshire, 27-28 July.

Cowes Week, Isle of Wight, 3-11 Aug.

Dublin Horse Show, 7-11 Aug.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Newmarket (Craven meeting), today & tomorrow; Bogside, Newbury, Thirsk, 13, 14; Wolverhampton, Alexandra Park, Edinburgh, 16; Pontefract, 18; Stockton, Warwick, Kempton Park, 21; Kempton Park, Newcastle, 23; Birmingham, 23, 24; Epsom (Spring meeting) 24-26 April.

Steeplechasing: Taunton, Uttoxeter, 12; Bogside, 13, 14; Wye, 14; Cheltenham, Seone (Perth Hunt meeting), 18, 19; Southwell, 19, 21; Manchester, Carlisle, Plumpton, Newton Abbot, Towcester, 21, 23; Hereford, Huntingdon, W. Norfolk (Hunt meeting), Wincanton, Market



Willis Hall & Keith Waterhouse, whose new revue *England Our England* opens shortly in London after a tour. Their collaboration in the long-running play *Billy Liar* was preceded by Waterhouse's best-seller novel of the same name, and Hall's forthright play of the jungle war *The Long & The Short & The Tall*. They have two new plays on the stocks and three film scripts queueing up for production, following the success of that for *Whistle Down The Wind*, starring Hayley Mills

Rasen, 23; Wetherby, Chepstow, Uttoxeter, 23, 24 April.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *Rigoletto*, tonight, 14, 16 April. (cov 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Le Lac Des Cygnes*, 7.30 p.m., 12 April, 2.15 p.m., 14 April; *Les Sylphides*, *Persephone*, *Don Quixote* (pas de deux), *Diversions*, 7.30 p.m., 18 April. *The Sleeping Beauty*, 2.15 p.m. and 7.30 p.m. 21 April; 7.30 p.m., 23 April.

ART

International Art Treasures, Victoria & Albert Museum, to 29 April.

Girtin Collection watercolours, Royal Academy, to 29 April.

Keith Vaughan, 1942-62, White-

chapel Art Gallery, to 27 April. (See *Galleries*, page 119.)

Old Dutch & Flemish Masters, Alfred Brod Gallery, Sackville St., W.1, to 5 May.

Royal Institute of Painters in Watercolours Exhibition, Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly, to 28 April.

Michael Ayrton & Edmond Kapp paintings, Bear Lane Gallery, Oxford, to 28 April.

Religious Themes in Painting, Wildenstein Gallery, New Bond St., to 5 May.

Anthony Atkinson paintings, The Minories, High St., Colchester, to 14 April.

FIRST NIGHTS

Mermaid Theatre. *Rockets In Ursa Major*, tonight.

Arts Theatre. *Nils Carborundum*, 12 April.

BRIGGS by Graham



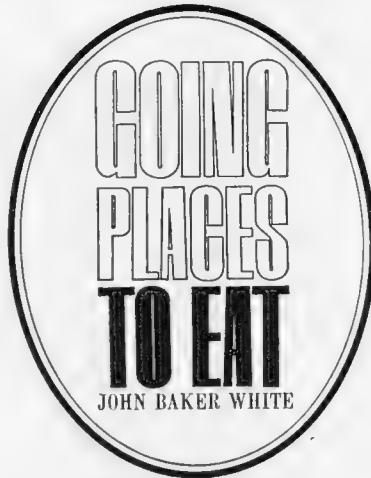
No complaints here

C.S. = Closed Sundays.

W.B. = Wise to book a table.

The Magnum Room, over the Braganza, 56/57 Frith Street. (GER 5412.) C.S. Bernard Walsh says that this restaurant, of which I gave an advance notice recently, is more expensive than his others. No one should complain about that. With its panelled walls and large comfortable chairs, T-bone steaks, a tank full of trout and soon one of lobsters, it is for those who want to eat well and leisurely. There is a Pommard 1937 at 8s. 6d. a glass—equivalent to about a quarter-bottle—or by the magnum. It is a splendid wine. A meal of high quality, with a glass of this wine, will cost you about 50s. W.B.

Le Casserole, King's Road, Chelsea. (Western end, opposite Paulton's Square.) (FLA 2351.) Sensible restaurants have a special touch. Here it is a properly cooked baked potato, served with almost every course, *au pair* with a well-made salad. The menu ranges from ox-tail and other casseroles through some unusual French dishes to Indonesian. The hors d'oeuvre is worth the 6s. 6d. it costs, if you are hungry, and the



sweet trolley is above average standard. Half-a-guinea will cover most main courses. Club licence for wines, membership 2s. 6d., and carafe wines at reasonable prices, e.g. 6s. for a half carafe of Burgundy. The coffee is good. In the prevailing fashion the smaller tables are rather close together. I know all about "intimate atmosphere" and all that, but I still cannot get used to members of a restaurant's staff sitting at the tables and talking to their friends.

Jurassic in Devonian

The fourth Gastronomic Weekend at the Imperial Hotel, Torquay, was, like its predecessors, highly successful and enjoyable. The

food and wines presented were those of the Jura. Managing director Mr. Michael Chapman brought over Monsieur C. Mollard of the Grand Hotel Ripotot, Champagnole, and his *chef de cuisine* Monsieur P. Morin, while Mr. Gerald Asher of Asher Storey, together with Monsieur P. Le Chêne, of Messrs. Henri Marie of Arbois, arranged a tasting of Jura wines. Mr. William True, the Imperial's own *chef de cuisine*, contributed some admirable British dishes. Two of the dishes I enjoyed most were *Le Gratin de Queue d'Ecrevisse* and *Le Chausson de Fondue Jurasienne*. At the previous gastronomic weekends the foods of the Auvergne, Provence and Bruges were covered. I am delighted to hear that a further series is planned for next winter.

changes that take place during fermentation produce the natural effervescence. Wines have been made by the Guedes family for a long time at the Palace of Mateus, built in 1610. The rosé is an estate-bottled wine, and as such is not dear at 13s. 10d. for the bottle or 7s. 5d. for the half.

... and a reminder

The Steak & Chop House, 40/41 Haymarket (top end). (WIM 6600.) Run by Garners, pleasant decor and reasonable prices. **The Contented Sole**, 19 Exhibition Road. (KNT 8359.) Creditable replica of an Edwardian fish parlour.

Skandia Room, Piccadilly Hotel, W.1. Specializes in Scandinavian cold foods; useful before the theatre. **La Toque Blanche**, 21 Abingdon Road, Kensington High Street end. (WES 5832.) First-class French cooking.

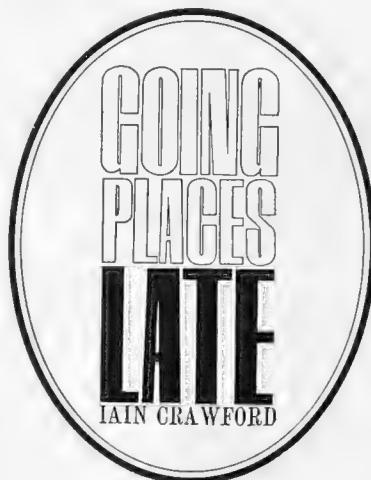


Mateus Rosé, made at a palace

West end space probe

THE WEST END AND INTERNATIONAL politics have this in common, the problem of space. For some clubs and night-spots the problem centres on areas unoccupied by paying revellers; for others it is how to wedge yet another big-spending patron plus partner into the cellar without sandpapering down the other guests. Then again there is parking space. Quite a number of night spots will park your car for you—if you have plenty of petrol in it and don't mind waiting half-an-hour when you leave while it is fetched back from Shepherd's Bush.

One place where space is no problem is the Candlelight Room in the **May Fair**. You can park your car in Berkeley Square—there is always plenty of room after nine—and you can dine and dance in this delightful, half-galleried room for 37s. 6d. and actually feel yourself breathe. This is not due in any way to its being under-



patronized—the high standard of food and the excellent wine list see to that—but because it is almost the only restaurant in London with dancing and a floor show where you have to shout to talk to the people at the next table. There you are sitting talking to your chosen fair companion in a light agreeable voice suited to seductive badinage with never a verbal hint that the chap at the next table is wondering whether J.B. will really drink

Liebfraumilch with his *Tournedos Rossini*.

In addition to this splendid feeling that you are not dining with everyone else in the room and his troubles, there is a commodious area in which to dance and there is Harry Roy's music. It dates me, I know, but I have always been a Roy fan ever since he topped the pre-war pops restraining tigers and he has lost none of his old skill in making the beat talk. Doubling with Harry is Boscoe Holder and the Pinkerton Boys who wear straw hats and play it Caribbean style. They also provide the background to the cabaret entitled *The Candlelight Twist*. I thought I was bored with the Twist. Everybody—to coin a phrase—is doin' it. But nobody is doing it like the dusky, shapely, white-fringed bikini-clad girl they have at the Candlelight Room. Her name is Fay Craig and she transforms all the self-conscious hip wagging and feet shuffling seen elsewhere into a shaking, shimmer-

ing, frenziedly rhythmic, cheerfully Caribbean fertility rite. If this is the Twist then I see what they mean—though I have a suspicion it is probably just the West Indian temperament. In short, Miss Craig is a riot.

This is about the shortest cabaret in London but in its 10 minutes there is more genuine jazz excitement than in hours of *longueurs* on offer elsewhere. The rest of the time you can dance yourself without having to shove until 1.30 a.m. any day except Sunday.

CABARET CALENDAR

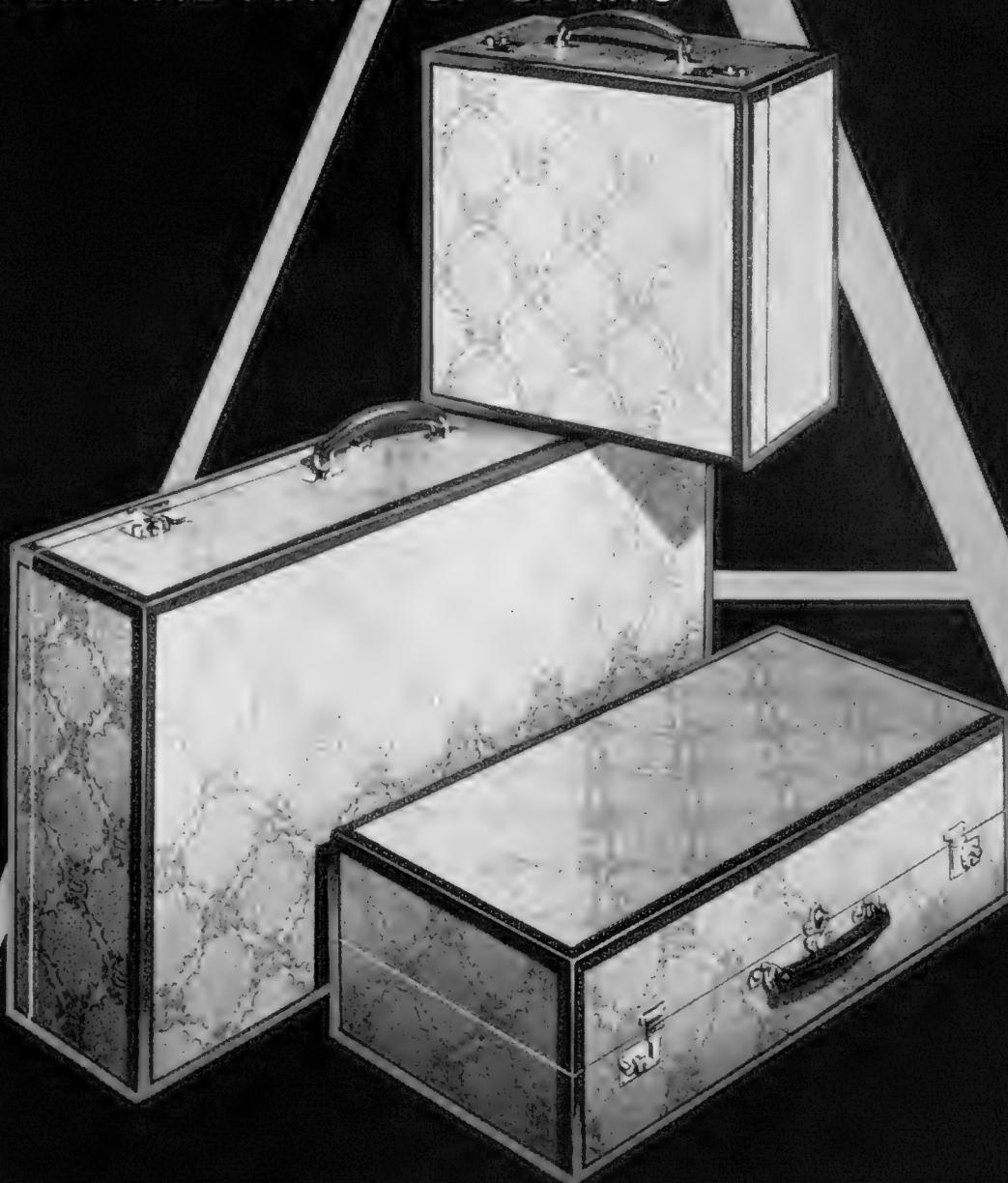
Talk of the Town (REG 5051). Eartha Kitt in the cabaret spot, is preceded by the elaborate floorshow Fantastico. **Blue Angel** (MAY 1447). Noel Harrison, Los Valldemosas, Brian Blackburn & Peter Reeves.

Establishment (GER 8111). The first satirical nightclub, Carole Simpson sings, Jeremy Geidt & John Bird lead the target shooters.

Room at the Top (ILF 4455). John Wells, William Rushton, Richard Ingrams and Barbara Windsor in a new style cabaret.

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The hills of Lebanon

THE ARE CITIES MORE DIGNIFIED, more distinguished and more beautiful but Beirut has about it the same quality as a hot bath when what you most want in the whole world is a hot bath. Unashamedly a fleshpot city, it is gay and welcoming, inducing a feeling of voluptuous torpor like nowhere else I know. In Beirut I had my first truly French meal (at the little Temporel, in rue Kantari) after two weeks of travel in which food had been no more than functional. It was preceded by a drink at the dazzling new Phoenicia hotel, where, in the gilt and marbled foyer-cum-bar, one might expect to see a song and dance number strike up, Ziegfeld fashion, at any moment. Among many other charms Beirut also has that of variety. But it was only on this, my third visit, that I discovered that essential facet of Lebanon—the delightful wilderness of its hill towns, divorced utterly from either Beirut itself or from the ancient Phoenician seaports of Sidon and Tripoli, of which I have written before. I say “discover”: In fact, one brief visit to the hills last summer had whetted my appetite to see more, and so it was that I set off for the Cedars.

Frankly, the winter sports aspect of the Cedars is incidental. It makes for a pleasant day's trip or for a restful weekend in the peace and silence of a warm Alpine-type climate. The hire of either skis and equipment or toboggans is a simple matter, but the conditions are not comparable with the best of those in Europe. Yet the setting is so lovely, as also is the drive to it, up the dramatic Quadicha Gorge with the road winding in ever more spectacular spirals up to the snowline, that it is worth the journey whether you ski or not.

On the way, at Bzizi, is a detour worth making to a charming but little-known Roman temple. And just before you reach the hotel lodges of the Cedars is the hill town of Becharre, in which is Kahil Gibran's house, now a museum. Why it has not been better promoted, I do not know. Gibran is known primarily as a poet, author of *The Prophet* and

GOING PLACES ABROAD
DOONE BEAL

several other works of curious, metaphysical prose-poetry. But there are three roomfuls of his drawings which have led many critics, including the sculptor Rodin, to compare his work to that of Blake, even to the drawings of Botticelli. Art of a different kind flourishes in another nearby hill town: Rachana, five minutes' drive into the hills from Byblos. Here, in a setting of fig trees and almond blossom, wild iris, poppies, cyclamen and asphodel, are some startling and often beautiful pieces of sculpture dramatically sited over the steep drop into the valley. Pursuing them to source, I found the brothers Michel and Alfred Babbous who live in a nearby studio full of a heterogeneous if somewhat eclectic collection of figures, ranging from the Rodinesque to things abstract beyond my understanding. Their intention is to make of this little village a communal art-centre.

It is these hill towns to the north of Beirut (a good two hours' drive away) that have the pastoral quality. It is odd to leave the maelstrom of crazy, screaming traffic and seemingly suicidal driving along the coast road, and so quickly to be among the noiseless terraces where shepherds who still wear baggy Turkish trousers sit underneath the trees to watch over their herds of sheep and goats. Even on the borders of Beirut, one can turn up in to the hills and be in a different world: but these hill towns directly behind the capital—Aley, Sofar, Bhamdoun, Beit-Meri and Broummana—have, because of their proximity, developed into quite important summer resorts in which the Lebanese maintain summer residence from July to the end of September.

To generalize briefly, Aley is the richest and most fashionable, with its own gambling casino; Bhamdoun is large and a trifle suburban. Biet-Meri has an enormous and superbly sited hotel, the Grand, set in headily scented pine trees. Broummana combines the best of several worlds in being, by definition, "quiet." Just as well sited as the others, in that all of them are a happy accident of geography, it has a handful of hotels and some pleasant outdoor restaurants such as Tivoli.

Just below the town proper is an enchanting restaurant under Italian management, Jardin de César. Its *lasagne* is the best I have ever known, in or out of Italy. So is its view: a quality that lures the summertime crowds who make the 30 minute journey of Beirut just to sit there and look at the inverted heaven of hills over the city. It is one of few places that is open year-round. Out of season, when you're the place almost to yourself, is a strange magic. In fact I'm quite unable to understand

why these hill towns have a season at all; or rather, why it is that they only expect visitors in summer. Even in early March it was warm enough to dine out of doors.

Splendid though the beaches are, I am increasingly attracted by the foothills behind them. Certainly during July and August, the period of the Baalbek Festival, they would be by far the more pleasant places in which to stay. Middle East Airlines, who make daily Comet flights to Beirut, publish (free) a useful Tourist & Hotel Guide to the Lebanon, which you can get from their offices on the corner of Piccadilly and Bond St., £105 is the return fare, economy class, for a 23-day excursion London/Beirut. For this price one may also include Jerusalem. I have often thought that passengers do not make sufficient use of airline facilities on the ground, and the Middle East is a case in point. Either at their London office or in Beirut you will find willing and useful information about the country, where to stay and what it costs



The Cedars of Lebanon in winter

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Helena Rubinstein



Marpessa Dawn, star of Marcel Camus's pioneering film *Black Orpheus*, will shortly be seen in London in a new play *The Boss Woman*, by Synder Ferlingetti, set in a Malayan trading post. 28-year-old Marpessa is married to Belgian actor Erik Vander, and has a baby son



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FLOWERS FOR THE SEASON

THE TATLER
11 APRIL 1962



Trees were still leafless in Montagu Square but inside the home of Lady Mancroft rooms were ankle-deep in blossom as preparations went on for a display of floral decorations. There was a touch of strain during the day while arrangements were coaxed into shape and peeresses kneeled with dustpan and brush to sweep up fallen cuttings and flower heads, but by evening the exhibition—in aid of Tory funds—had no single petal out of place. Above, Mrs. J. R. M. Page arrives with the raw materials for her own contribution—later she collected a parking ticket. Turn overleaf for more pictures by A. V. Swaebé. Muriel Bowen's column begins on page 88

FLOWERS FOR THE SEASON CONTINUED

Left: *Lady Kilmarnock—concentration counted*



Above: *Lady Mancroft organizing by telephone. The exhibition was held at her home in Montagu Square.* Above left: *Mrs. Edward Barford—flowers from a basket*



Above left: *Miss Fiona Pilkington—an arrangement for spring*



Left: *Mrs. Michael Lewis—a screen of iris*



Mrs. Comar Wilson—later a sweeping-up exercise



Mrs. Iain Macleod—plants to water



Mrs. Wyatt Larken—a branch for breaking

Elizabeth Countess of Bandon—arrival with sack



The Hon. Pamela Forster—set piece for mantelpiece



FLOWERS FOR THE SEASON *concluded*

Below: *Lord & Lady Aberconway. He is president of the Royal Horticultural Society.*
Below left: *Miss Ann Magor, Major W. Magor*



RHODODENDRON DAY

On the panel of judges: Mr. J. Newell, Mr. Graham Thomas and the Earl of Morton



The Royal Horticultural Society's fortnightly flower show was held in the Old Hall in Vincent Square



Mrs. Peter Birley & Mrs. Richard Carey

Sir Frederick Stern

MURIEL BOWEN REPORTS

TORIES AT ORPINGTON HAVE BEEN CRITICIZED for lacking a bright touch, but the same could not be said of Tories in St. Marylebone, where **Lady Mancroft**, wife of the local association's president, staged a floral arrangement show.

Soon after breakfast people gathered at the Mancroft's home in Montagu Square with lots of flowers and scissors, watering cans with long spouts, and workmanlike aprons. Some had telephoned in advance to enquire the "exact colour" of the wallpaper, curtains and carpets, before mentally mapping out their floral creations. The keener ones came round to look the house over for themselves, a few as much as a fortnight before.

By the time the exhibition opened, every table, mantelpiece and bureau had a pot or pan of exquisitely arranged flowers. "It's the idea that's so good," commented the **Earl of Derby**. "People are enjoying themselves much more here than they would at an ordinary cocktail party." He had a special interest, he's president of the Poplar Conservatives (Lab. maj. 15,871) and the party was to aid Poplar.

The preparations, though, were even more fun than the party. **Elizabeth Countess of Bandon** arrived carrying a plastic sack, and a grip bag with net wire sticking out. "Came up by train from Reading," she said. "And you can imagine what they all thought with my funny old bags of stuff." Some of the amateur florists, like **Mrs. R. A. Butler**, did their arrangements at home and sent them round in a taxi. Probably the cheapest way. There was a clutter of cars outside the door and **Mrs. Jane Page** got a parking ticket which will mean a £2 fine. She had put sixpence in one of St. Marylebone's snazzy, new, long-stay green meters which only take half-crowns. "I've never heard of half-crown meters," she said indignantly. "What will they think of next?"

Mrs. R. Ades brought her rhododendrons and camelias up from Cornwall, and very nice they looked, too. Other florists for the day included **Mrs. Iain Macleod** (who also had parking trouble when she went to buy her flowers in the King's Road!), **Lady Kilmarnock**, the **Marchioness of Milford Haven**, and **Mrs. Patrick Wall**.

A CALL IN ORPINGTON

All the talk of Orpington, I simply had to meet **Mrs. Eric Lubbock**, wife of the new Liberal M.P. I drove past neatly trimmed hedges and well-tarred gates to join her for a pre-lunch drink at her home in the constituency, an old-world sort of place with a clock tower. She's a personable blonde of great charm. The telephone never stopped ringing: "Can you and your husband come to Bromley? . . . West Derby? . . . Wimbledon?" Once it came to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90

Mr. Jeremy Chubb and Miss Sally Priest



LIGHTING THE LUTINE



PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN



Mr. Kenneth Poland,
commodore of Lloyd's
Yacht Club

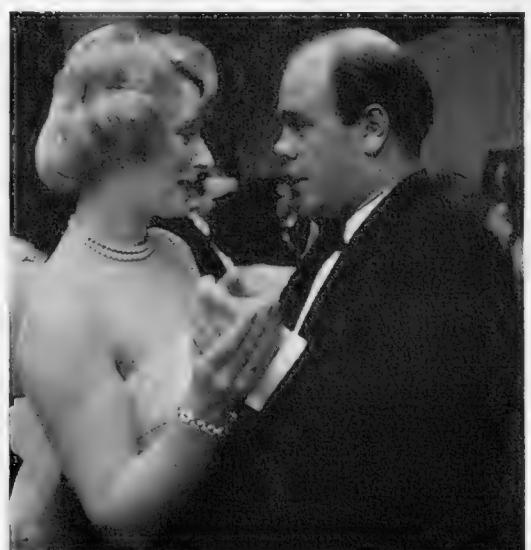
Lighthouse lamps, on mirrors, flashed across the twisting dancers at the Hyde Park Hotel where the Lloyd's Yacht Club held their Lutine Ball



Mrs. John Cregan and Mr. Roy Barker



Mrs. Patricia Green and Mr. Ian Green



Mrs. Marjory Walsh and Mr. Bill Richardson

COMING-OUT COCKTAILS

Lady Cecilia McKenna gave the party for her debutante daughter Sophia at their home in Onslow Square

PHOTOGRAPHS: FALCON



Lady Cecilia McKenna, with Miss Judith Keppel and Mr. Imre von Maltzahn

MURIEL BOWEN CONTINUED

11 a.m. she had expected the telephone to ring, so she had the three children already happily occupied. She's the sort of woman whom most other women would enjoy chatting to on their doorstep. It wasn't a surprise that she had done a lot of canvassing for her husband. "Oh yes, I enjoyed it, except around Christmas time, when I kept sliding on icy garden paths, and wondered when I was going to sprain my ankle or something."

Mr. Lubbock will continue to drive the 22 miles up to the House of Commons each day (after all, we won because we're genuine residents in the constituency"). The Charterhouse Company for which he works are being very accommodating too about time off. At home the Lubbocks like traditional music and jazz and when politics allow time, she paints. What of a summer holiday? She laughed. "We have a good holiday every second year, looking at what's happened to us now I'm glad we had it last year." The sitting room was piled high with baskets of letters and telegrams, each one marked answered, or unanswered. Best of all I liked the unofficial telegram from Mr. Frank Byers, which neatly summed up Liberal feeling throughout the country. It said: "Thank God, at last."

BY RAIL TO AINTREE

Quite the best social coup on Grand National day was that of **Sir Roy Dobson**, the aircraft manufacturer, in getting **Dr. Richard Beeching**, the railways chief, and **Mrs. Beeching** to join his party. "I've known him for some time, and when I asked him to come he said that, of course, he would be delighted," Sir Roy told me. Sir Roy had 41 guests in all. They left Euston in a British Railways race special. There was breakfast and lunch in the coach which Sir Roy had booked. Then the race, watched in comfort from his box, champagne (or tea) in the dining room behind it, then back again by B.R. special with dinner *en route*. The other guests included **Lord Douglas of Kirtleside**, chairman of British European Airways, & **Lady Douglas**; and **Sir Aubrey Burke**, head of De Havillands, who make the Comets & **Lady Burke** (reporting cheerfully that she backed, "lots of losers").

For the men Sir Roy had planned things perfectly. Most of them were in the transport business and they enjoyed talking business the whole way. The wives were fascinated to meet the man who runs the railways and does his share of home chores, like mowing the lawn. "He's a very nice person, I liked him," Lady Douglas told me. She was the one who blurted out halfway to Aintree that she was "petrified" by trains because they "go so fast," and this one in particular because it bumped her from side to



Miss Sophia McKenna, for whom the party was given, with Mr. Toby Clarke

side as she walked along the corridor. But then Lady Douglas will wear those very elegant, spiky-heeled shoes. It was, in fact, a splendid train, very polished, good food, and fast—British Railways at their best.

Dr. Beeching, bound for his first Grand National, could afford to chortle. All those men who boast about how fast their aeroplanes can go, travelling by one of his trains. "No, I wasn't surprised to find them travelling on the train," he told me in a soft, calm voice which inspires confidence. "After all, if you're going to the Grand National, you've got to travel by a reliable means of transportation." He hadn't a winner all day, nor a second or a third. But then there was that delicious moment back at Euston again when the train pulled in a whole *six minutes* early.

Sir Roy backed the winner and "I hope Percy Mills (Lord Mills) did because I gave it to him." Sir Roy backed five horses, "I'd read about them in the newspapers and I felt confident in Kilmore because of his jockey." But otherwise the transport men were no wiser than you or I when it came to horse transport. It was probably Aintree's biggest crowd ever. Sir William Anstruther-Gray, M.P., & **Lady Anstruther-Gray** were there—and saw their horse win, also **Lt. Gen. Mohammed Yousuf**, Pakistan Ambassador & **Begum Yousuf**, Mrs. L. Brotherton and her daughter, Anne, Major Gen. Robert Pigot,



Miss Jessica Gwynne and Mr. Michael Boyle

Chief of Staff, Royal Marines, the Hon. **Max Aitken**, Major & Mrs. **Victor McCalman**, and Mr. **Kenneth Keith**, the chairman of **Philip Hill**, who was also in Sir Roy Dobson's party. The race itself was a triumph of superb riding by Fred Winter, his little horse getting close to the fences that it was only possible to see two inches of his ears over the top of them before he took off. Kilmore likes to jump that way, but it would have unnerved most other horses.

The Winters and their friends had themselves a great party at the Adelphi that night. "Mr. **Cohen** (the horse's owner) who was in bed with a cold, called up and said to go ahead, have what we liked and send him the bill!" Mrs. Winter told me. But they had only got to the oysters when they all rushed out to watch a repeat of the race on TV. The Adelphi produced golden paper crowns for the Winters to wear, and a chocolate horse in Kilmore's colours which was brought back to their children at Stow-on-the-Wold.

Joining in the fun were Mrs. **N. G. Pearson** (Mrs. Winter's mother), Lt.-Col. & Mrs. "Babe" **Moseley**, Mr. & Mrs. **Fulke Walwyn**, Mrs. **Jock Wilson**, Mrs. **Teddy Lambton**, and that fun-maker of the weigh room, Mr. **Dave Dick**. Next day I talked to Mrs. **Mirabel Topham** on the telephone. For her the whole meeting was in every way a triumph. "I've just come in from

doing the course," she said. "I used to walk it the day after the National to assess the damage, but now I go round by car, getting out at different spots." A holiday? "Maybe over Easter. I'll go down to the Isle of Wight for a few days, and then go on to Goodwood and watch the car racing."

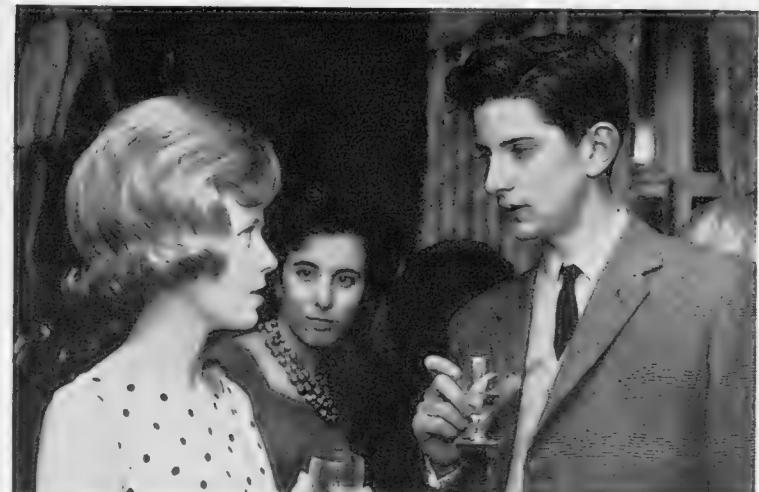
HEAT FOR THE COMMONWEALTH

When the late Queen Mary lived at Marlborough House nobody worried about providing central heating—for her a one-bar electric fire was adequate for a 40-ft. room. But when it was decided to turn Marlborough House into a Commonwealth Centre, one of the first things the Ministry of Works had to do was to put in a large central heating system in the basement. That it was necessary in the interests of Commonwealth relations nobody can doubt. Prime Ministers from tropical countries could not in these affluent days be expected to carry home warm feelings of their London visits if they had to work in a 40-ft. room with an inadequate electric fire.

The Minister of Works, **Lord John Hope**, and his wife have both given much thought to the furnishing of the house. Lady John is of course a daughter of Somerset Maugham and she's inherited his eye for colour and good taste. When the various ideas for the lounge were discussed, the Hopes' scheme was quite the best,



Miss Deborah Vivian and Mr. Michael Westmacott



Miss Caroline Harvey and Mr. Martin Gwynne

so it was used. The panelled walls of terra cotta and white are set off by a carpet in a warm shade of moss green. The chair covers are in a toning shade of green. This was the room where Edward VII held his high-spirited Derby Day dinner parties. It is now planned as the informal meeting place for the Prime Ministers.

The house is full of the latest in modern communications, a TV studio and interview rooms. There is room though for a little more informality. The present Prime Ministers of the Commonwealth are with one exception a jolly lot, they're nearly all sportsmen and take cricket and horses more seriously than we do ourselves. I would have liked to see a recreation room, on the lines of an ocean liner, in the basement. The Ministry of Works officials I talked to were far from shocked by the suggestion, and thought that something like this might be incorporated later.

In a place the size of Marlborough House it is easy to find things to criticize as well as things to enjoy. The Ministry of Works has done an outstanding job of restoration of this Wren house, so much nicer inside than out. More is the pity though that they should put modern furniture of indescribable ugliness in the 18 rooms set aside as Prime Ministers' offices. How much more handsome (and doubtless cheaper) an old-fashioned mahogany desk with leather top tooled in gilt.

KILMORE'S



It was a bad day for favourites but even those who backed them raised a cheer for the winner, Mr. N. Cohen's veteran Kilmore, chased home by two other 12-year-olds, Wyndburgh and Mr. What. Kilmore's jockey, Fred Winter, riding in his ninth Grand National, scored his second win. First was in 1957 on Sundew

NATIONAL

PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN



First time round at Becher's Brook, and among the leaders, are Mr. What, Gay Navaree, Wyndburgh, and Clear Profit

Right: *Mr. & Mrs. Reg. Hindley*. Below: *Major Sir W. Anstruther-Gray, Bt., M.P., & Lady Anstruther-Gray*



Above: *Mr. Geoffrey Lewis and Mrs. Fred Rimell*. Right: *Mr. & Mrs. Leonard Carver*.



Mrs. Mirabel Topham



Reasons for Seasons

M A R K B E N C E - J O N E S

DEBUTANTES HAVE BECOME A NATIONAL AUNT Sally, or shall we say Niece Sally, yet, like the Royal Academy, the Lord Chamberlain and other such institutions, they survive. There are always people who say that it won't be for much longer—when Presentation Parties were abolished their voices became a crescendo. Yet now there are more debutantes and debutante dances than ever. And whereas the institutions can carry on indefinitely, the Season depends on a fresh lot of parents every year being willing to part with two or three thousand pounds and much energy. That they are willing to do so shows that the whole idea is basically sound. For those who may have doubts, I will give some reasons why, if you have a daughter and two or three thousand pounds to spare, you cannot do better than give her a London Season.

Nobody minds spending money on education. For a girl, the London Season provides one of the best educations available. In fact, it is pure education; education in the strictest sense of the word, which means "bringing out," from the Latin, *e-duco*. The Season brings out the woman inside the girl, which is much more education than cramming her head with nuclear physics. Whatever people might say about careers, the future of most girls is still men. By doing a Season, a girl learns all about men; how to handle them, how to attract them. And though there may not be much future in the men she actually dances with, what she learns will stand her in good stead later on. Even so, she will meet a pretty good cross-section of her contemporaries. Many of them will come back into her life and may be more interesting when they are a few years older. At the very least, she will always be able to name-drop successfully as long as she confines herself to her own genera-

tion. To meet one's contemporaries is, I contend, the main reason why a man goes to Oxford or Cambridge. It is more important than a degree. The people I know who have good jobs don't necessarily have good degrees; many haven't degrees at all. Similarly, those who have good degrees don't necessarily have good jobs. I remember talking to a friend about various debutante dances in the past. He mentioned that he had been unable to go to certain dances because he had been taking his degree at the time. His mother, who was with us, said: "Seeing what little use your degree has been, it would have been far more useful if you'd gone to the dances." If this can be true of men, how much more so is it true of girls. And to meet your contemporaries during the Season is, in a way, even better than meeting them at Oxford or Cambridge. Though the people you meet at Oxford might live in Cumberland, Devon or County Meath, they will remain, basically, Oxford people; which might give them a certain stamp. With the Season, the only thing people have in common is that they happen to be around London and going to parties in the same year as yourself. Nobody will be able to say, with any certainty, in years to come, "She has the stamp of a 1962 girl."

Some people think that the Season spoils a girl. I don't think this is so. You always hear stories about the abominable behaviour of debutantes, just as you always hear of *The Deb Who Had To Go To Switzerland*; who is, I think, as much a myth as *The Deb Who Was Sick While Being Presented*. Naturally, the girls who do get spoilt and behave badly get talked about. The magic and mystical name of Deb gives them a special news-value; one never hears of the countless non-Debs who behave in



SUSAN EINZIG

exactly the same way. If a girl is the sort of girl who is likely to get spoilt, she will get spoilt by going to the local tennis club hop. If not, she will be quite capable of finishing the Season as unspoilt as when she started. In fact, the Season can make a girl *less* spoilt. It throws her among some of the most spoilt young men in the world, who will make it perfectly clear if she bores them. She has to compete with two or three hundred other girls who may be every bit as beautiful, as well-dressed, as amusing and as rich as she is. All this is likely to knock off any false illusions she might have had about herself before she came out. But the girl who stays in the country and does not have a Season, the non-Deb, can get spoilt simply because she is made a fuss of by a number of nice, unspoilt, country young men who are short of girls anyhow and who enjoy her father's hospitality. A girl who has done a Season manages to acquire a certain poise and self-assurance, however many shocks her vanity might have received. Perhaps it is that any possible inferiority complex is counteracted by her superiority in having actually done a Season. But the non-Deb tends to go to extremes. Either she is awkward and ill at ease outside Pony Club circles, or she plunges straight into Darkest Chelsea.

At two or three thousand pounds, the Season isn't bad value. It includes the cost of a flat in London, which is fun for the parents. If they live in the country, they will quite likely not have spent more than a night at a time in London for years. If they actually live in London, the Season won't cost so much anyhow. The outlay should get the girl asked to about 30 cocktail parties and 60 dances. However much she might find some of them boring, she will have to admit that many were extremely

good. They aren't all at the same few hotels, either; a debutante during her Season might visit one or two of the fast-diminishing number of great town houses that survive. There will be dances in embassies, dances in City Livery Halls, dances in the Inns of Court; places which she might never otherwise see. There might be a dance at the Mansion House, at Hampton Court or even at St. James's Palace; cocktail parties in the House of Lords and the House of Commons; dances in unusual places like the partners' room of one of the banks, the middle of a square or a boat on the river. Then there are the dances in the country at weekends. At least ten of these will be in really famous houses. And for these dances, debutantes will stay in house-parties all over the country. Weekend dances get farther and farther afield. This year, there will be dances in Monmouthshire, Norfolk, Cornwall, Northamptonshire, Gloucestershire, Shropshire, Derbyshire, Wiltshire, Lincolnshire, Warwickshire, Cheshire and Somerset; not to mention the dances in Yorkshire, Scotland and Ireland later on. It is all part of their education, nothing less than a British Grand Tour. There must be plenty of Americans who would willingly pay more than £3,000 for such a tour. And though the parties consist mainly of debutantes and their escorts and parents, there are always a few other people who may be important or interesting. There might be a Cabinet Minister, a film star or a foreign celebrity. When Mr. Billy Graham was in London a few years ago he went to at least one debutante dance. This year, there is even one at the Prime Minister's country house. It will be as interesting for a girl to be able to tell her grandchildren that she brushed against Mr. Macmillan while doing the Twist as it is for her grandmother to be able to tell her

that she once hit Mr. Balfour with a tennis ball.

On a lower plane, a debutante will get 60 dinners before the 60 dances, at most of which the food and wine will be excellent. Allowing that each of these meals would cost her £2 if she paid for herself at a restaurant, she is, out of her £3,000, getting about £120 back in nourishment. And though she might not wish for such expensive nourishment, it is excellent training. The Season will almost certainly break a girl of any craving she might formerly have had for champagne. She will become permanently bored with it and will find water more exciting. This alone will give her a positive advantage as a wife or girl-friend. As, during the Season, she will have dined about ten times at each of the most expensive hotels, she will, when men take her out afterwards, be far more keen to go to the bistro round the corner.

Some people have a conscience about all the money that's spent on the Season. But the whole Season probably costs less than five hundred thousand pounds, about half the price of one smallish aeroplane; a minute sum compared with the money that's wasted on other things. When so much money goes on advertising women's clothes, surely a little may be spent on advertising the woman inside them. As a marriage market, the Season helps towards the perpetuation of mankind. This is surely something worth spending a few hundred thousand on, when every year thousands of millions of pounds are spent on means of causing mankind's destruction. If governments gave up making bombs and rockets, they could almost afford to give every girl a State-aided dance. Launching debutantes would be far more fun than launching sputniks. The bombs would be anatomic.

MOST FAVOURE

For this year's debutantes the most okay job is modelling—fashion or photographic. This Wednesday, at the Berkeley dress show, a dozen or more will show clothes by Jacques Heim before a critical audience. Some are already committed to modelling as a career; others have different plans, but the show could be a turning point. Falcon took the pictures (this page) of six who make their debut in the show and on the following pages he photographs girls who have already become professional models. The Berkeley dress show, organized by Mrs. Jack Steinberg, helps the N.S.P.C.C.



Training for the Berkeley dress show. Madame Seignon of Fashion Models Ltd. gives this-year debutantes (above) training in the art of displaying clothes. With her (above right) is MISS SUKI MARSHAM-TOWNSHEND, daughter of the late Captain Thomas Marsham-Townshend & Mrs. John Clarke. Right: MISS HEATHER MEREDITH-OWENS meets a cameraman



D CAREER



MISS CLARISSA KINDERSLEY, a debutante this year, is appearing in the Berkeley dress show. She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Ian Kindersley, has been chosen for a part in a film *A Guy Called Caesar*



Top: MISS DIANA MACLEOD, daughter of Mr. Iain Macleod, & Mrs. Macleod, Leader of the House of Commons, is in the Berkeley dress show

Right: MISS MELANIE FRANKLIN is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Herbert James Franklin. She has just finished a commercial film for which she was chosen on the strength of her ski-ing—she is an all-round sportswoman



MISS KATHRINE STEINBERG, whose mother, Mrs. Jack Steinberg, is running the Berkeley show



MISS LYN HOWARD, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Hubert Howard, is now studying art, but wants to model



MISS HEATHER MEREDITH-OWENS (seen also on previous page) is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Bill Meredith-Owens. She is studying law



MISS PENNY RIDSDALE is the daughter of Mr. Julian Ridsdale, M.P. for Harwich. She has done a lot of fashion and photographic modelling. "I have been lucky to get on so well," she says. "I never did a course in modelling"



THE HON. ROSE KEPPEL was a debutante last year. She is the daughter of Viscount Bury & of Lady Mairi Bury, and specializes in photographic modelling



MISS CAROLINE GRAHAM, daughter of Major Alastair Graham, was a debutante in 1961. She is now a full-time model



MISS VIRGINIA KINDERSLEY was a debutante in 1961. Her father is the Hon. Philip Kindersley. She has already done free-lance modelling and intends to work in Florence at Scarabocchio



MISS CHARMIAN SCOTT, daughter of Lord & Lady George Scott, was a debutante in 1960. She has done both fashion and photographic modelling

MISS INGRID HOYLE-GEACH is the daughter of Mrs. George Hume. She was a debutante in 1959, has been a couture house model and plans to do fashion shows and photographic modelling next month



THE HON. LAVINIA WOODHOUSE is the daughter of Lord & Lady Terrington. She has been a house model, intends to turn to photographic work

MISS LINDY MARTINEAU is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Alan Martineau. She did a fashion model course and has worked for several top photographers

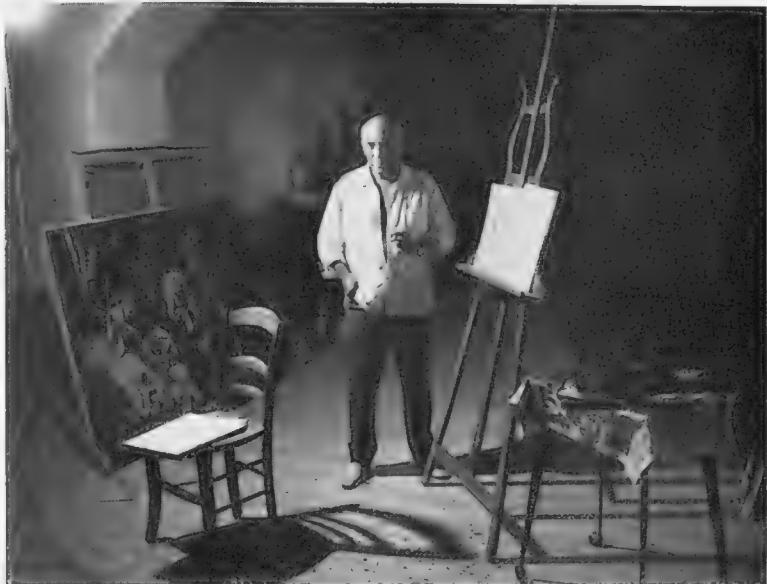


MISS SIBYLLA EDMONSTONE, daughter of the Dowager Lady Edmonstone, was a debutante in 1961. She has done photographic and house-modelling work

MISS GRANIA VILLIERS-STUART, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Fitzgerald Villiers-Stuart, was a debutante in 1959. Passed the entrance exam to London University but preferred to model in Paris. Has done seasons with leading French fashion houses, including Balenciaga, Balmain and Givenchy. Now at Chanel



PICASSO MOVES HOUSE



Pablo Picasso—the youngest 80-year-old in the history of art—has just moved house for the fifth time. His new home (seen below) is an airy, luxurious villa on the wooded mountainside above Nice with a distant view of the Mediterranean. Picasso moved from the Villa La Californie near Cannes partly because it had become too much a place of pilgrimage but mainly because a speculator had put up a block of flats that spoiled his view. The new Picasso home was once owned by the Plunket family who gave the painter and his wife Jacqueline (seen right) an Afghan hound called Kabul as a moving-in present

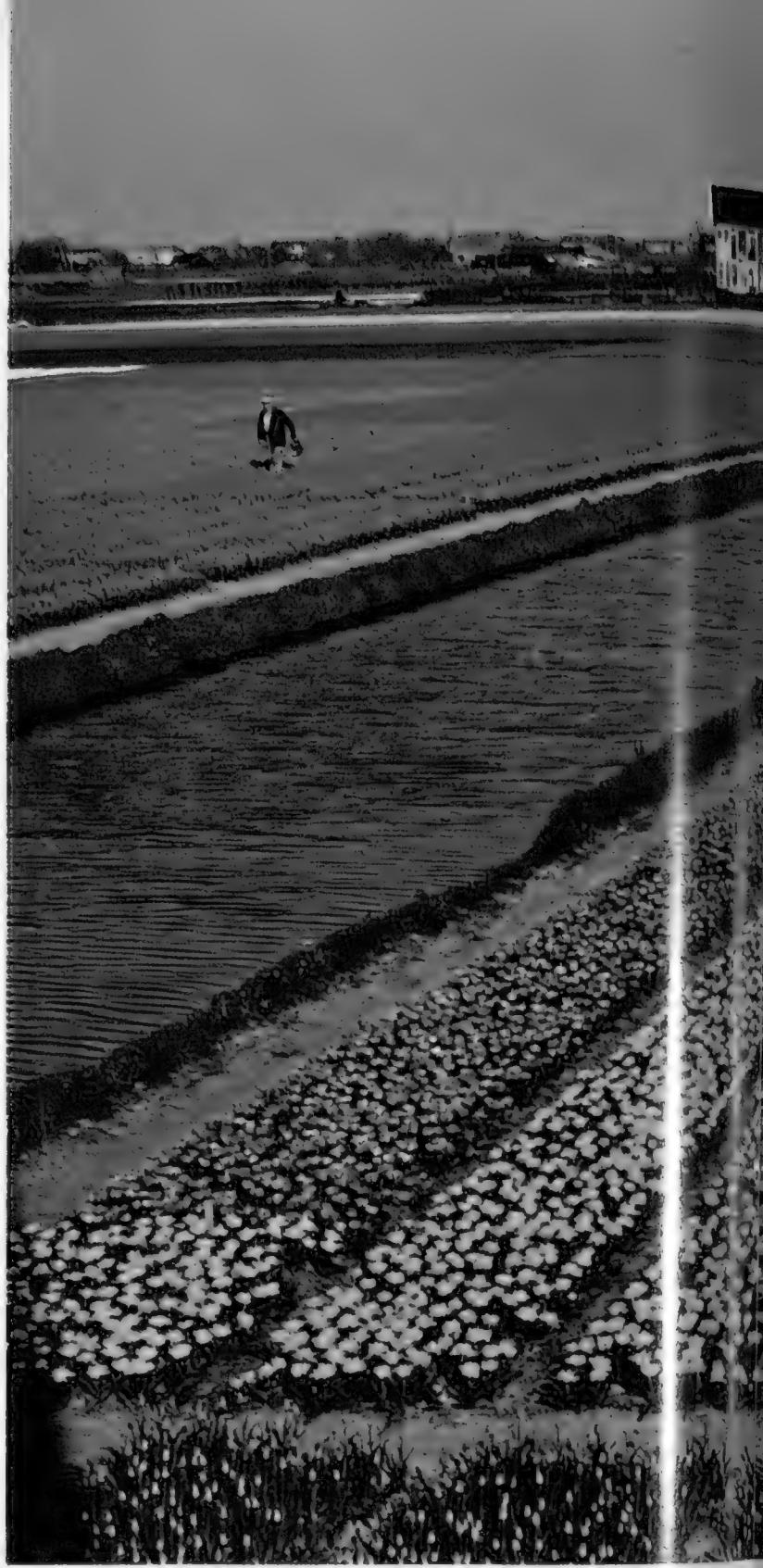
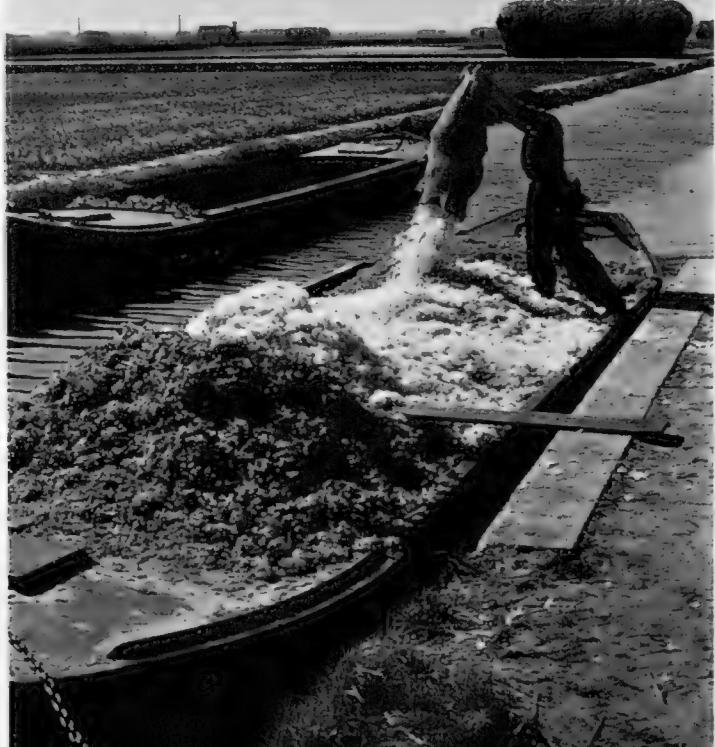


PHOTOGRAPHS: EDWARD QUINN





PHOTOGRAPHS: GEORGE RODGER



THE PAT

Patterns in flowers, the glowing bulb fields of Holland over-emphasize the arrival of spring. These pictures were taken at Leiden-Haarlem where rectangular fields of narcissi, hyacinths and tulips turn the flat landscape into a mosaic of colour. A million acres of Holland consist of gardens like these. The blossoms are cut off and carried away in barges (*left*) to be used as fertilizer. Trips from Britain to the bulb fields are heavily patronized. The best times to go are from April to the beginning of May. During this time, too, the great Keukenhof Flower Exhibition is held; it's a simple afternoon trip from Amsterdam



TERNS OF SPRING



HUMDINGER'S HUMDINGER'S HUMDINGER'S

PRESENTING A NEW OUTLOOK
IN THE LONDON SEASON
FOR SPRINGTIME COMMUTERS

PICKED BY ELIZABETH DICKSON

PICTURED BY DAVID OLINS

HAIRDOS BY EVANSKY

Want to see how far this spring suit will take you? (Probably a good long way even after several seasons to come.) Charcoal grey worsted (*far left*) with four panel seams in the skirt and jacket fastened with self tie. Sleeveless icing organza blouse with fichu bow. Suit by Harry B. Popper, 42gns., blouse 15gns., Morrell, Curzon St.

How much chic goes into a quiet casual? Plenty, when it adds up to the new ways of wearing charcoal grey flannel. Young, utterly simple skirt and top braided in tan. By Windsmoor at Whiteleys: 5½ gns. Gilt tassel clip by Grossé at Christian Dior. Good matchmakers: the tan satchel and tan pattern scarf, Woollards

What fashion is good enough to launch a thousand ships? Only the best that comes from superb cut, superb fabric. Greenish-grey mist tweed redingote pleated from the hips with slit pockets. By Berg of Mayfair at Harvey Nichols, price 17½ gns. Slave bangle by Grossé at Christian Dior: Harvey Nichols, 7½ gns.





HUMDINGER

HUMDINGER

HUMDINGER

What looks cool as a heatwave drink but starts a busy life in spring? Basic baby blue suit with four matchbox seams in the skirt and white crêpe blouse. Wool suit and blouse together cost 11 gns. from Wallis Shops. Turquoise lapel pin set in gilt by Grossé at Dior: Harvey Nichols, 23 gns.

Want to travel round the world in an unfussed suit? Take a blue plaid wool box-pleat the skirt, add white felt for the cloche and more white for a sleeveless blouse, and then all you need is a toothbrush. Suit made to measure from Belinda Bellville. Bellville's white hat: 11 gns. Gilt bangles by Grossé at Christian Dior.





HUMDINGERS

HUMDINGER'S

HUMDINGER'S

Want fashion to wear and forget about? Dashing new arrival on the spring scene is sharp orange, tailored here into a pleated dress and jacket twosome, the dress with camisole top and bow belt. Claire Cobden at Peter Robinson's Oxford Circus branch: 15½ gns. Necklace of topaz crystal and pearl by Dior at Harrods: 18 gns. Alabaster leather pumps from Dolcis.

What's a short cut on to a high pedestal? One method is via a stunning suit — like this cardigan jacket and skirt in navy silk crochet. Underneath, pink crêpe blouse with sissy frills at the cuffs. By Worth Wholesale at Anne Gerrard, price 48 gns. Long black patent bag, 6½ gns, and Givenchy candy pink and et plaid scarf, 65s. Woollands.





Want to capture the boss and secure a rise? Wear a look that's uniformly pretty—the Madison Avenue grey flannel suit. Box pleats flat to the hips, seams and edges stitched in white. By Rogaire 15½ gns., or with a straight skirt for 14½ gns., from Barkers. Professional touches: Black leather satchel and Givenchy's black & orange plaid silk square from Woollards.

How to arrive at work looking cool and expensively groomed? In a dusky grey flannel suit with easy walking skirt and satin bound jacket. Starched white piqué appears at the cuffs and again for the white waistcoat. From the Koupy Boutique at Simpson: 17½ gns.

OUT OF TOWN STOCKISTS

P. 104 Harry B. Popper grey wool suit at Samuels, Manchester; Marshall & Snelgrove, Bradford

Windsmoor casual grey flannel jumper suit at Miller, Chester; Patrick Thompson, Edinburgh

P. 105 Berg of Mayfair light grey tweed coat at Corders, Ipswich; Woods, Colwyn Bay

P. 108 Claire Cobden dress and jacket at Bentalls, Kingston; Copland & Lye, Glasgow

P. 109 Worth Wholesale suit at Miss Stuart, Harrogate; Greensmith Downes, Edinburgh

P. 110 Rogaire grey flannel suit at Diana Warren, Blackpool; Brights, Bournemouth

P. 111 Koupy Boutique grey flannel suit at Vogue, Cambridge; Fenwick, Newcastle

CORRECTION

In the issue of 21 March, on page 696, a raincoat editorial was misquoted as a design by Christian Dior, instead of Royal Blizzard. Price is 18 gns., stocked at Fortnum & Mason. We apologize to readers for any inconvenience caused.



Invitation to the dance

IT'S NOW OVER 30 YEARS SINCE DAME NINETTE DE Valois founded the Royal Ballet School—then known as the Sadler's Wells School—with the intention that it should supply a stream of dancers, fully trained and homogeneous, to the newly formed ballet company. At first only dancing was taught, but in 1947 the ideal was attained which Dame Ninette had always wanted: a school which would combine dance training with general education up to G.C.E. standards. It thrived and prospered till in 1955 its existing premises in Colet Gardens, W.14, were bursting at the seams. And so it split in two: the Upper School stayed where it was, and the Lower School—for children aged 10 to 16—moved to White Lodge, the magnificent Palladian mansion in Richmond Park built in 1729 as a hunting lodge for George I. Such has been its success that over half the members of the two Royal Ballet companies pass through its ornate doors.

I went the other day to look over the house, and in particular to meet Lady Agnew, the talented educator who has been headmistress for the last couple of years. I don't suppose there could be a more attractive setting for a school within seven miles (as it is) of Piccadilly—and indeed there cannot be many within 70. As we drove through the deer-filled park in misty spring sunshine, and crunched up the gravelly avenue, we could well have been in remote English countryside. Close beside the hunting lodge—in itself a minor palace with its four great columns, its classical Georgian pediment, and its fine outside stairway—are two flanking pavilions added in the mid-18th century. These were linked some 50 years later with the original central block by two curving stone corridors, designed by James Wyatt, which splendidly welded the three buildings together. Bells were ringing for the morning break as I arrived—not without those feelings of being a new boy which I still have, even now, on arriving at any school. A few moments later we were greeted by Lady Agnew in her handsome study, beneath the benevolent gaze of her husband's ancestors. (Sir Fulque Agnew's baronetcy dates from 1629; so do his pictures.)

It is, I think, significant that Lady Agnew should have had no special knowledge of ballet, beyond that of an intelligent theatregoer, before she came to White Lodge, because this indicates, as is the case, that dancing is by no means considered the be-all and end-all of the school. It happens that Lady Agnew's own subject is geography. And in a much-travelled

life she must have learned a good bit of her subject through personal experience: she was born in the Transvaal, went to Edinburgh University (M.A. Hons.) and lectured at Edinburgh in geography before progressing to do the same in Canada at McMaster University, Hamilton. Thence she returned to South Africa, where she and her husband joined the University of Fort Hare in the Cape Province—Lady Agnew as head of her department, Sir Fulque as registrar. Fort Hare is for non-whites, and the Agnews were well known for their liberal views on apartheid and segregation. So, after Verwoerd's rise to power, the university was nationalized and, in Lady Agnew's words, "we simply found ourselves dismissed." They returned forthwith to Britain—soon before, as it happened, the position at White Lodge fell vacant. Lady Agnew successfully applied for it; Sir Fulque is Secretary to the Department of Education at Cambridge.

She has a very full house on her hands of 115 girls and 20 boys; so keen is competition for a place at White Lodge that there are some 200 applicants, she told me, for the 25 vacancies which occur every year. These are filled from the finalists of several preliminary auditions. The usual age at entry is 11, but some children are accepted at 10 if of unusual promise; it is virtually essential to have had some previous training in ballet. Boys and girls are even then only accepted on the basis of a one-year trial, and may then be required to leave if they show insufficient promise; in this sad event, parents are given good notice and assisted as far as possible in choosing a different school and securing admission. Of those who cross this hurdle, perhaps one-third (or about eight a year) end up in the Royal Ballet, and perhaps as many again find places in other ballet companies. But the school by no means provides, as Lady Agnew made clear to me, a ballet-or-nothing education; dancing, in fact, occupies only 1½ hours of each child's day, five days a week and on alternate Saturdays. This is no more than the ordinary schoolgirl spends on tennis or lacrosse; because they can cause the wrong muscular development, there are no organized games for the girls at White Lodge.

After coffee and biscuits with members of the teaching staff, I was conducted by Lady Agnew on a most pleasant tour of the school, and I will say at once that I was very greatly taken with everything I saw. There was, to begin with, that indefinable atmosphere of liberality and enlightenment which is so vital, I believe, in any school.

The children we saw were obviously happy, open-hearted, relaxed—and yet, even at this early stage, I would say in a sense dedicated. They all had something to live for so much more important than hockey. In the downstairs studio (there's another on the first floor), Miss Roche, of the visiting ballet staff, was taking, with immense verve, a class of 20 13-year-olds; in their short black tunics, their blue belts and hairbands, and their salmon-pink tights, they all went at it hammer-&tongs, with grave grace, and easy vigour, and marvellous concentration. In another room, a class of younger girls were busy painting, and making marionettes, with almost as much absorption and clear delight, under the friendly supervision of the art teacher, Miss Zambra. Everywhere there were smiles and responsiveness.

About two-thirds of her pupils, Lady Agnew told me, are boarders; for them the fees, including inescapable extras, come to £410 a year. For the day children they are £60 a term, plus 2s. a day for lunches and 1s. 6d. for transport in the private bus that plies daily between the school and Richmond station. The L.C.C. awards six scholarships a year, open to children living in the L.C.C. area only, and most local educational authorities will consider giving assistance. The great majority of White Lodge pupils go on to the Upper School, but there are naturally those who realize, in the course of five years, that the ballet is not, after all, for them. They have not "the temperament" (they find), or their ambitions change, or they grow too tall or stay too short; or they come to accept reluctantly that they will never reach what Lady Agnew described as "executant quality"—in other words, they'll never be quite good enough to earn a living in ballet. These are given every possible help in adjusting: they are encouraged to find new aims and dissuaded, if necessary, from thinking of themselves as failures. Many such girls go on to technical school or university, and end up as anything from teachers to typists—or even as excellent wives.

But to become a *prima ballerina* is the great general aim; and after my morning with Lady Agnew I had some small comprehension of the eight long years of hard work and patience, of love and hope and honest sweat, which must be lived before there's even a hope of a place (if you're lucky) in the *corps de ballet*. So I'll be thinking of White Lodge, that happy nest of cygnets, next time the curtain rises.

Lord Kilbracken visits the school for ballerinas at White Lodge in Richmond Park



Lady Agnew watches dancing practice and, right, visits the art class. The walls of her study (top picture) are hung with portraits of Agnew ancestors

COUNTER SPY BY
ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

BARRY WARNER

it's
CHOCOLATE
time

It's chocolate time at Easter when big eggs give way under small, prodding fingers. Easter morning is traditionally a time for keeping them in one piece until after lunch, but no adult is proof against a delighted small child eyeing a big egg. The eggs on this page are suitably beribboned, flowered, sometimes with yummy insides or with an exciting animal shape. Chocolate egg tied with whopping great pale blue ribbon, far left, costs £1 from Prestat of South Molton Street, where they will personalize eggs with a name to order. Centre front is Bendicks plain chocolate egg tied with gold tinsel, sitting on a tray of chocolates, £1 8s. 6d. Centre back is probably the prettiest of all—Supex of Curzon Street make a delicious white satin egg blooming with spring flowers and filled

with chocolates, 4½ gns. for big size shown, 2 gns. for the smallest in this variety. Supex also have those solid chocolate eggs in a real egg shell, packed in an egg carton, 14s. 6d. for six. An Easter hen sits on a basketworked chocolate nest that wouldn't last two minutes in the average child's hands; off with its head! 22s. 6d. from Prestat. Gilded French egg in the front swings on a pretty chain; £3 3s. by Jean Mouillère at Dickins & Jones. Egg notes: Americans traditionally roll eggs on the White House lawns at Easter, the ancient Egyptians and Persians ate coloured eggs. In England, eggs were traditionally first eaten on Easter Sunday because they were forbidden food during Lent.

PLAYS

Anthony Cookman

THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE ALDWYCH THEATRE
(PATSY BYRNE, HUGH GRIFFITH, MICHAEL FLANDERS, GORDON GOSTELON, ROY DOTRICE, CHERRY MORRIS)

Brecht's best at the Aldwych

SINCE THE ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY TOOK over the Aldwych as a daring extension of their work at Stratford they have brought off nothing half as theatrically impressive as their present production of **The Caucasian Chalk Circle**. This is the kind of thing we shall expect from the National Theatre if it ever gets started and is fortunate in its directors. It ranks meanwhile as incomparably the best treatment of Brecht that has been seen in this country.

A word of warning. Of course Brecht, however successfully presented, remains Brecht, a dramatist who takes all the time he thinks he may require to put a simple story into proper perspective, with the habit (forced upon him perhaps by unsophisticated audiences) of underlining every point a dozen times and even at his best subjecting all but his fanatical admirers to not infrequent bouts of impatient sighing. At the Aldwych we do not altogether escape these tediums, but they are many fewer than might be expected. For the play itself is not only one of his best it is also one of his most human. Brecht's own mind was always torn by the conflict of instinct and reason, and to his detriment as an artist, some will think, he usually tried to rationalize his drama. But in his story of a foster-mother and a physical mother contending for the possession of a child

he maintains a balance between the workings of instinct and reason in terms which those uncommitted to Marxism have no difficulty in accepting. He comes half-way to meet us not so much in the story he tells as by treating with masterly skill two characters, one a maid-servant whose instinctive homespun decency exposes her to cruel misfortunes which excite our compassion, the other a judge who is such a rascal that we cannot but enjoy him for his own sake, relishing the idea of him much as we relish the idea of Falstaff. And Brecht conveys to us that much as he would like to rationalize these characters, as he more or less succeeds in rationalizing Mother Courage, he does in fact share our compassion with the maid-servant and our enjoyment of Judge Azdak.

Mr. William Gaskell has the luck to have these two characters played by Miss Patsy Byrne and Mr. Hugh Griffith. He proves that he deserves his luck by surrounding these two performers with a great number of others that, slight as inevitably they are, reach a remarkably high standard of excellence. He uses the now familiar Brechtian stagecraft naturally and as to the manner born, making skilful use of the celebrated (and much over-celebrated) "alienation effects" but never overdoing them. The slowness of the narrative is something that he can do nothing about, but he ensures that the leisureliness of movement develops its own natural rhythm. There is no escaping the prologue in which Georgian peasants of a goat-breeding collective and a fruit-growing collective agree with suspicious docility that a piece of land in dispute had better go to the collective that can make the most productive use of it. Then we get the real play, whose argument is that children should belong to those who are

motherly, even if they do not happen to have given them birth.

Miss Byrne does her part in the making of the production by the wholly natural way in which she identifies herself with the peasant kitchen-maid who, having come by a helpless baby, thinks no danger or discomfort too great to face so long as she can feed and nurture it. She plods with it over the mountains; carries it in her arms across a dangerous bridge which the pursuing soldiers dare not face, and even marries for the sake of getting a roof over her head but at the sacrifice of her own life of romantic happiness. She is no mere dull embodiment of maternal virtue; Miss Byrne personalizes the girl's virtue and makes it seem at once natural and deeply moving. The later part of the play belongs to Mr. Griffith who gives wonderfully comic theatrical life to the rascally judge whose complicated character finds thousands of reasons for making him a bad man but whose cynical plans are always defeated by his instinctive understanding of human nature and his helpless sympathy with its manifestations. The production brings out in fact that the play, despite its inordinate length and occasional tediousness, is a really great play.

VERDICTS

FILMS

Elspeth Grant

THE ROAD TO HONG KONG DIRECTOR NORMAN PANAMA (BING CROSBY, BOB HOPE, JOAN COLLINS, DOROTHY LAMOUR, ROBERT MORLEY). **REAR WINDOW** DIRECTOR ALFRED HITCHCOCK (JAMES STEWART, GRACE KELLY, WENDELL COREY, RAYMOND BURR). **A MAJORITY OF ONE** DIRECTOR MERVYN LEROY (ALEC GUINNESS, ROSALIND RUSSELL)

Bob & Bing on tramp again

SOME FILMS, IN MY OPINION, CRY OUT TO BE made in colour—and **The Road To Hong Kong** is one of them. It cried in vain—and while I would rather see Messrs. Bing Crosby and Bob Hope and that delectable Miss Dorothy Lamour in black & white than not at all, I felt a little cheated. The team, like everybody else, is not as young as it used to be but there's no reason, I think, why the film should look so old-style—especially as the sets by Mr. Roger Furse are super-modern and the story (by Norman Panama & Melvin Frank) is up to the minute

after next. It envisages the emergence of a new Great Power called the Third Echelon, and as this comprises people who are sick and tired of both Russia and America the proposition is surely reasonable. I mean to say, now that we're fed up with Labour and the Conservatives, a dominant Liberal Party may develop—and if that happens, anything's possible.

Messrs. Crosby & Hope figure as a couple of resourceful confidence tricksters, selling stock in Ceylon for their Do-It-Yourself Space Kit. While demonstrating the dubious equipment, Mr. Hope is knocked out and comes-to with amnesia: Mr. Crosby decides to take him to a Tibetan lamasery for a cure. At the airport Miss Joan Collins, a Third Echelon agent, mistakes Mr. Hope for an under-cover contact she is to meet there, and hands him a top-secret formula for rocket fuel. (The T.E. had better get itself something brighter than Miss C. if it's to compete agent-wise with the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R.)

A Tibetan Grand Lama (Mr. Felix Aylmer) not only cures Mr. Hope's amnesia—he gives him some herbs which endow him with a photographic memory. By the time Miss Collins

catches up with the tricksters, back in Ceylon, Mr. Hope has memorized the precious formula and Mr. Crosby has burned it: all she can do is take them to the Leader of the Third Echelon (formidable Mr. Robert Morley) so that he can buy, at Mr. Crosby's price, the information Mr. Hope carries in his noddle. Mr. Hope's photographic memory proves somewhat fugitive—it comes and goes like a rainbow in response to various outside influences—which does not please Mr. Morley. He has Messrs. C. and H. confined in a moon rocket in place of two apes who were to make a test flight: the rocket is launched from the T.E.'s undersea H.Q. near Hong Kong and returns safely from its lunar flight—in the course of which the reluctant astronauts are forcibly fed with bananas and milk (a wonderfully crazy scene).

When Miss Collins learns the chaps are to be bumped off once Mr. Hope has come across with the formula, the dear soft-hearted girl helps them to escape to Hong Kong: they take refuge from their angry pursuers in a night club where Miss Dorothy Lamour, their long lost chum, is appearing. If I had Mr. Hope's gift of total recall, I might give you a précis of the

plot's subsequent developments—but they are so complicated that the old memory boggles. I can only tell you that the road to Hong Kong turns out to be the pathway to Plutonius—on which planet Miss Collins finds herself in the same position as the girl in *The Little Hut*: a lone female totally surrounded by two amorous males.

Messrs. Crosby and Hope, the latter rather better preserved than the former, are still among the slickest performers in the business, and though they keep the Special Effects man pretty busy, it's essentially on their own expertise that they triumph. Miss Lamour, looking fabulous, puts over a point number very prettily and displays a sardonicism equal to that of her two companions. "If those guys out there catch up with us, the stage will be covered in blood," says Mr. Hope. "What," says Miss Lamour coolly, "is the matter with blood? Look what it did for *Spartacus*." (Recalling the unwarranted success of that gory epic, you'll get the message.)

Among the guest artists, unmentioned in the credits, you will identify Messrs. Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin, Mr. Jerry Colonna, and (goodness, gracious me!) Mr. Peter Sellers, who is extremely funny as an incompetent Indian doctor and deftly steals a scene from the stars, who look momentarily dazed at his effrontery. I won't actually accuse anybody of spoiling the film for a ha'porth of Technicolor; I would have preferred it polychromatic but it is so consistently entertaining I very much enjoyed it, anyway.

With loud disclaimers that Princess Grace

of Monaco's declared intention to make a film with Mr. Alfred Hitchcock has anything at all to do with the matter, Paramount have re-issued Mr. Alfred Hitchcock's thriller, *Rear Window*, in which Miss Grace Kelly stars. Whether or not their timing is happily coincidental, you may, with the news in mind, welcome a chance to re-assess the lady's talent and blonde, cool beauty: you may even be able to see (though I couldn't) why, if it's not for her publicity value, Mr. Hitchcock is so dead keen to lure Her Serene Highness back to the screen. The film, as you will possibly recall, has Mr. James Stewart confined to his small flat with a broken leg and nothing to do through the long, hot summer days and nights but watch his neighbours in the apartments across the courtyard. He persuades himself that Mr. Raymond Burr, a commercial traveller living opposite, has murdered his wife and disposed of her body piecemeal. His friend

Mr. Wendell Corey, a steely-eyed cop, pooh-poohs the idea—but Miss Kelly, who intends to marry Mr. Stewart, is prepared to go to any lengths to prove her darling is not suffering from hallucinations.

It's an expertly made film, of course, with minor shocks chasing each other towards a fairly hair-raising climax. Mr. Stewart gives an admirably smooth performance. Miss Kelly is undeniably beautiful and even manages to warm up a little in the clinches—but I still can't understand why. . . . Oh, well! We'll see.

A Majority Of One is about a staid, autumnal romance between a Jewish widow (Miss Rosalind Russell) and a Japanese widower (Sir Alec Guinness). Physically, both stars are mis-cast—but the assured professionalism of their performances overcomes this. I found the Yiddisher Momma's homespun philosophy wearing—but as she says, "You gotta give a little, take a little." O.K., Momma.



Bob Hope & Bing Crosby wear a dazzling line in checks in *The Road To Hong Kong*

BOOKS

Siriol Hugh-Jones

HARRIET SHELLEY, FIVE LONG YEARS BY LOUISE SCHUTZ BOAS (OXFORD, 30s.). **CLOSE-UP OF A HONEYBEE** BY VIRGIL FOSTER (GOLLANCZ, 12s. 6d.). **BOOK OF THE ESKIMOS** BY PETER FREUCHEN (ARTHUR BARKER, 25s.). **THE ADVENTURES OF MAUD NOAKES** BY ALAN NEAME (CHAPMAN & HALL, 13s. 6d.). **SEVEN MILES DOWN** BY JACQUES PICCARD & ROBERT DIETZ (LONGMAN'S, 25s.). **CRUMBS OF COMFORT** BY PATIENCE STRONG (MULLER, 3s. 6d.). **NEW PUFFINS**

The trouble with Shelley

IT IS ONE OF THE LESS EXPLICABLE MYSTERIES of life that few women can stand Shelley, who may have been a muddler but had from time to time a kindly impulse or two, and every woman dotes on Byron, who was manifestly a cad and never in any circumstances behaved well if any alternative presented itself. Apart from the gentleness and thoughtfulness he showed to little Allegra Byron, Shelley has no appeal for me whatsoever, and **Harriet Shelley, Five Long Years** by Louise Schutz Boas does little to make one feel any more sympathetic. "Dear Mrs. Nugent," wrote Harriet, sounding like something out of a 19th-century Goon

Show. "Mr. Shelley has become profligate and sensual, owing entirely to Godwin's *Political Justice*." And later, announcing the birth of her son to the same correspondent, "He is an eight months Child, and very like his unfortunate Father, who is more depraved than ever."

Shelley, living with Mary Godwin, wrote without hesitation to the unfortunate Harriet to borrow money—indeed not one person in the whole wretched business seemed to be particularly balanced or reasonable: Mary Godwin's first child was born on 22 February, and on 6 March her Journal reads, "Find my baby dead. Send for Hogg. Talk. A miserable day. In the evening read *Fall of the Jesuits*."

The book depresses as much as it fascinates. I still stick with Byron, who at least behaved badly knowingly and not from the highest possible principles.

"On each side of the bee's head is a large compound eye which can see in many directions at once. These eyes are covered with tiny hairs." This sort of eerie thought, which comes from a charming book, fully illustrated with photographs called **Close-Up Of A Honeybee**, by Virgil Foster always does much to distract me from sorrow and the weather. The book is intended for children but appeals to me without even trying. Also for children are some new

Puffins—a rather peculiar but taking number called **Aunt Robbo**, by Anne Scott-Moncrieff (3s.), and the classic **Moonfleet**, by John Me de Falkner (3s. 6d.), a story of 18th-century smuggling which I have always found faintly resistible, but which affects others very differently. Child heroes of the proper kind are always being discovered reading it in apple-trees, which is surely a recommendation in itself.

Eskimos wear snow hare stockings and birdskin shirts. A wife with two husbands has a pleasant life because the men sleep next to the cold ice walls and she enjoys the warmth in the middle. Some slightly depraved Eskimos like eating boiled puppy, and the way to carry a baby is stark naked next to the bare skin of your back and never mind the inevitable. Such absorbing details can be found in Peter Freuchen's **Book Of The Eskimos**, where the information is tremendously authoritative, since Freuchen not only lived with Eskimos who had not yet emerged from Stone Age civilization but also married an Eskimo wife. I have a minor passion for the idea of Eskimo babies, sloe-eyed and entirely spherical in furs, but even in order to acquire one of these charmers life among the Eskimos sounds hardly worth it. Totally ignorant of cosmetics, some crafty

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

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Letters**

VERDICTS *continued*

ladies have been known to win husbands under false pretences—namely, by padding their trousers into extravagant curves that bore no relation to fact. Such behaviour is grounds for divorce. The race is more emotional and temperamental than I had supposed.

Briefly... *The Adventures Of Maud Noakes* by Alan Neame is a Firbankian story about a lady who aims to rescue Africa from the missionaries, and seemed to me enormously complex and unfunny, but on the other hand it arrives heralded by laughter, freely admitted, from Nancy Mitford and congratulations from Richard Aldington, Honor Tracy and the *New York Herald Tribune*, so it doesn't really matter whether I remain glum or not. . . . *Seven Miles Down* by Jacques Piccard and Robert Dietz is a simple and straightforward account of the bathyscaphe Trieste, which includes some moving photographs of the late Professor Auguste Piccard sternly studying a Plexiglass window and looking exactly like a professor out of *Tintin*. And for 3s. 6d. you can buy and goggle at *Crumbs Of Comfort* by Patience Strong, which includes a heavenly Crumb called *Book Department*—“Every book a window that reveals the author's mind. Books, books, books. . . . Oh, how we long to know what is behind the covers of those volumes stacked in neat inviting rows. Comedy, philosophy, fact, fiction, verse and prose.” That pretty well sums it up. The booklet is illustrated with inspiring, not to say uplifting, photographs of swans, brooks and old thatched God-wot cots.

John Wain has just published *Strike The Father Dead* (Macmillan, 18s.), a novel that explores the relations between a traditionalist professor and his breakaway, jazz-loving son. Mr. Wain, whose books include *Hurry On Down*, and *Living In The Present*, also lectures and broadcasts, and last year conducted a Poetry Festival at the Mermaid Theatre

TOM BLAU



RECORDS

Spike Hughes

SALOME BY RICHARD STRAUSS **SYMPHONIE FUNEBRE ET TRIOMPHALE** BY BERLIOZ **BATTLE SYMPHONY** BY BEETHOVEN **L'AMORE DEI TRE RE** BY MONTEMEZZI

What the disc does best

SO FAR THE MOST SATISFYING OPERA RECORDS have always been of performances that are possible but improbable in the opera house—performances of unfamiliar operas no theatre can afford to revive, and familiar operas sung by casts no theatre can afford to pay. Now Decca, using a new technique, have produced a version of Richard Strauss's *Salome* (mono and stereo: two records) which you will never hear in an opera house in all your born days. I don't

mean merely because in the recording the voice of John the Baptist in his underground cistern comes to you through the courtesy of a five-foot sewage pipe, the echo in a Vienna ladies' lavatory and a microphone in a washbasin (though that is certainly not normal theatrical procedure); but because the gramophone has gone out of its way to do what it is uniquely able to do, and that is to make audible orchestral and other musical detail which is inaudible in a theatre. If any composer needs the gramophone's help in this respect it is probably Richard Strauss, who was extremely inclined to fill his scores with little fancies which looked pretty on paper, might possibly be heard in the orchestra pit itself, but are sunk without trace in the general orchestral goulash that reaches the audience. Decca have put all this right, and with a number of virtuoso production touches have produced a showpiece of what we

can now only call *Opera For Gramophone*. This *Salome*, conducted by Georg Solti, is best played as loud as possible—particularly the stereo version. You get the full benefit of Birgit Nilsson's fine performance in the lead that way, sexy breathing and all; and the best reproduction I've heard so far of the unique warmth and elegance of the Vienna Philharmonic strings. A stirring experience.

In spite of all the propaganda in this country before the war by Beecham and—even more—by Hamilton Harty, those who find Berlioz one of the most fascinating and original of all composers still have to watch the record lists more closely than the concert announcements to hear his music. This particular vigilance has now been rewarded by an admirable recording of Berlioz's *Symphonie Funèbre et Triomphale* (Saga: XID 5114), a work for military band with a choral finish which understandably

doesn't get played all that often (Colin Davis gave a rare performance of it in Regent's Park one recent summer). I suppose it is the sheer unexpectedness of Berlioz that puzzles and upsets people more than anything. His tunes aren't like anybody else's, for a start; you never know where they'll go next. Not only is the funeral march of the first movement of this piece in the comparative up-tempo of a regimental slow march, but the *Funeral Oration* which follows is a recitative for trombone solo, of all things. But it all comes off, and in doing so makes that intensely powerful emotional impact on the listener which was Berlioz's great and peculiar secret.

The *Symphonie Funèbre* (Ernest Graf conducts a Viennese ensemble) is backed by another recording of Beethoven's **Battle Symphony**. As the recording is not in stereo, and nobody has to show off, we are spared real cannon-fire this time, and can hear the music all the better for the effects being limited to rattle and bass drum. Let me add that you get all this and Berlioz too for no more than a well spent guinea.

Italo Montemezzi, who died 10 years ago, is known only by his opera **L'Amore dei Tre Re** (*The Love of the Three Kings*) and we can hardly be said to be contemptuously familiar with even that in this country, where it was last performed

in 1930, with Ponselle and Pinza. It is typical Second Division Italian opera—tuneful, dramatic, fast moving and very exciting, with several excellent singing parts and the superb bass role of—believe it or not—Archibaldo that Pinza revelled in and sang often in America, where the opera has always been more popular than in Italy. One of the last revivals in Italy was in 1948, when Clara Petrella sang the soprano lead. She sings it again with vigour and tragic conviction in the new Cetra release of the opera (OLPC 1212—two records). Sesto Bruscantini takes the bass part and sings it richly—not really such surprise casting, for Pinza was also a wonderful *basso buffo*.

GALLERIES

Robert Wraight

KEITH VAUGHAN WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY

The one that got away

AT THE OPENING OF KEITH VAUGHAN'S IMPRESSIVE retrospective exhibition I was able to get, straight from the artist's mouth, the inside story of his apparent snubbing of the Royal Academy in 1960 when, you may remember, he turned down the privilege of putting A.R.A. after his name. At the time it seemed that he was being very churlish, not to say rude. I spoke to him on the telephone when his election as an Associate was announced, and he told me that, as he had not been to an Academy summer exhibition for as long as he could remember, he would go and have a look at the 1960 show. The next thing I heard was that he had resigned in record time. What had, in fact, happened, was that the Academy, as ever, was more than 10 years late. Way back in 1949 Vaughan had been asked by Robert Buhler and Ruskin Spear, then A.R.A.S., if he would stand for election to the Academy, and he had agreed. But nothing happened. Nothing happened that year nor, indeed, for 10 more years, by which time Vaughan had become established as one of the top four or five painters in Britain (not one of whom, incidentally, is an Academician). Even so, it was only after considerable soul-searching that he rebuffed the advances of the Old Lady of Piccadilly.

All this seems more important now that, through the exhibition at the Whitechapel, we can see the size and quality of the fish that got away. Only the recruitment of Sutherland or Moore, among British artists, could have brought more prestige to the Academy than the hooking of Vaughan. Never the wild iconoclast, he would have done it nothing but good and, because he has always been an artist of great integrity, it could have done him no harm.

Throughout most of the 26 years covered by the current exhibition, we see him preoccupied with the human figure, invariably male and usually nude, in its setting, usually landscape. Yet, though he is excessively repetitious in his choice of subjects, there is miraculously nothing



Keith Vaughan in his studio

monotonous about this collection of 300 works. They range, in a steadily soaring flight, from drawings done under the influence of Graham Sutherland to the (virtually) abstract paintings of recent months, from (as the introduction to the catalogue puts it) "reasonably individual characterizations of particular types doing particular things to the depiction of anonymous, often featureless, heroes doing nothing specific except be, in a grand, portentous way, themselves." Almost as fascinating for me as the pictures on the walls are the quotations in the catalogue from Vaughan's journal. They reveal him as unsure of himself (in spite of the fine assurance of so much of his painting) and very self-critical, aware long before we are of such weaknesses as there are in his work, modest about his achievements and commonsensical in his approach to the work of other artists, ancient or modern.

Repeatedly I find myself in sympathy with

his ideas. Not least when he says of Abstract Expressionism (especially the American brand): "The tranquil mysterious warmth of a Rothko, the brassy crash of a Kline, the squashy sensuous drip of a Guston come across with the impact and immediacy of a well-designed poster. Thereafter it has nothing more to say. Like a drug it operated on the law of diminishing returns." Or, again, apropos of all the high-falutin jargon talked about "space" and "pure space" in abstract painting today: "I sometimes think that space is being used as a more respectable word for nothingness, and that what many artists are doing is demonstrating the fact that they have nothing any more to paint."

Or, finally, when, after citing Kandinsky's "the impact of an acute triangle on a sphere generates as much emotional impact as the meeting of the figures of God and Adam in Michelangelo's *Creation*," he writes: "Not to me, boy."

GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON



HEADS YOU WIN

French make-up (first picture) and a new way to bare the brow: Orlane have looked at the Gerbera flower for their new spring look, which most resembles the flower in the lipstick that blooms in two petal-like colours—Or Maïs reproduces the hazy tawny orange, Or Rose the soft searing pink. To set these flowery pinks off are two new foundation shades which are darker than the pearly pale powders to give a pretty luminous look. Or Maïs is the darker of the two and can be used to accentuate hollows in cheeks. The hair in the first picture was done by Jacques Dessange who is the smart young hairdresser about Paris. Easy to do yourself too: take the top section of hair from temple to temple and fix firmly with some small, firm pins two to three inches from the hairline, gathering the hair together in a central position. Now back comb the hair over the crown to curve up and let it bend round and down over the temples to make a layer which curves around the head at eye level. The rest makes a cheekbone length curtain on either side. Hair needs to be club cut to jawline length for this to work. Set a bow, slide or even a band of ribbon centrally to hide the clips—a brooch looks pretty pinned on to the band for evening. Cool brow look (centre) at André Bernard who has devised this fringeless shape which consists of a single, heavy sweep from brow to nape. The styling here is steady and tends to last longer than most. There are nice things to eat under the drier, too, with hair beauty-giving salads. Lifesaving style (right) for a fringe that isn't a fringe any more and just tends to get in the way. French of London builds the hair very square at the back with a movement inwards at the neck; the fringe mixed into a flick forward on the cheeks. French's salon is fuss-free and efficient—no irritating waits under the drier, chattering juniors huddled in corners, brushes and combs that have seen more than one client.

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MOTORING

Dudley Noble

Testing a Saab

IT IS RATHER FASCINATINGLY DIFFERENT TO drive a Saab, the Swedish-made car which has vanquished all-comers twice running in the R.A.C. international rally. It has so many features that are, to us, unconventional—outstanding among them is the 3-cylinder 2-stroke engine which, because it has a power stroke every time each piston goes down its cylinder, runs with the smoothness of an ordinary 6-cylinder engine. This principle is well tried, and is used on the great majority of small motor cycles, because it is both simple and cheap to construct. There are no valves of the normal kind, their place being taken by ports cut in the cylinder wall and by a transfer passage from crankcase to combustion chamber. From the Saab's performance no one can say this is not efficient; its only drawback is the tendency to erratic firing when idling. One soon gets used to this, however, and its effect is minimized on this particular car by the fitting of a freewheel (which can be locked out of action if preferred). The good features far outweigh this small defect, for the Saab engine is not merely willing but is one of the sweetest running and most silent power units to be found in any small car. It is well under one litre in capacity—841 c.c., to be exact—but it develops over 40 b.h.p. and takes the car along at 70 m.p.h. as long as ever the driver gives it its head. Top speed is a mile an hour or so above that, but cruising speed and maximum are all but the same.

Made by Svenska Aeroplan Aktiebolaget of

Linköping, which is the largest privately owned aircraft manufacturing concern on the European continent, it came into existence about a dozen years ago. The recent exploits of Erik Carlsson have pushed it into prominence and made it apparent that there is not much wrong with design and construction. Its "beetle-y" appearance is quite pleasing and the interior of the pressed steel saloon is remarkably spacious for a car of compact dimensions (13 ft. 2½ in. long and only just over 5 ft. wide). The unladen kerb weight is 15½ cwt. During my test of the latest "96" model I found it to average a little better than 34 m.p.g., but this included a good deal of motorway driving. Owners have reported that they find 40 m.p.g. is regularly obtained, and even bettered. Lubrication of the engine is by adding oil to the petrol, in the proportion of 2 pints to 7 or 8 gallons of fuel.

The engine is at the front of the car, and drives the front wheels through a 3-speed gearbox with synchromesh to the indirect top and middle ratios. Gear change is by a lever on the steering column, and when the freewheel is in use the clutch does not have to be operated between the changes. One advantage of the front wheel drive is that the floor is perfectly flat. Seating is decidedly comfortable and the angle of the back squab can be altered as well as the seats themselves moved fore or aft. The height of the rear seats, too, can be adjusted by repositioning the supports under the cushion. As an extra, a bed conversion can be had which takes advantage of the whole floor length, including the roomy

boot. A point to note concerning the suspension of the Saab—which has been made to negotiate rough and unsurfaced roads—is that independent springing to the back wheels has deliberately been avoided by mounting them on a rigid U-beam axle. The suitability of the car to high speeds over the worst going has been demonstrated and will be more so when it takes part in the East African Safari at Easter.

The route for the Safari, which starts and finishes at Nairobi, will be 3,080 miles and traverse Kenya, Uganda and Tanganyika. It is the most gruelling testing course for any car yet devised and last year only 38 finished out of 77 who started. Many of the biggest European motor firms have realized what fine publicity it can yield for successful entrants, and this time there are 91 cars taking part, including Austins, Fiats, Fords, Hillmans, Humbers, Mercedes, Morris, Renaults, Rovers, Volkswagens and Saabs. At least one of the makers will be sending brand new models which will not have been announced in this country even when the Safari ends on Easter Monday, and great things are expected of them. Among the drivers in the Safari will be veteran rallyist Tommy Wisdom, who is playing a prominent part in the High Performance driving course announced last Friday by the British School of Motoring. This aims at giving instruction to advanced standards to drivers who really want to become masters of their art and able to handle their cars expertly under every conceivable condition.

Erik Carlsson putting his Saab through the manoeuvring test in the R.A.C. international rally, which he has won two years running



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MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

THE DAY BEFORE I WROTE THIS COLUMN WAS officially the beginning of summer; a good day for putting clocks on and sorting out summer clothes. While doing this, I accumulated a pile of white sand (which I could rent on the Riviera for a sizable sum), a 50-lira note and an evocative, crumpled bill for a delicious meal two summers ago. This gave me the wanderlust that generally sets in at this time of year, when I begin to feel like a stick of celery under a flowerpot. As I can't get away to cheap wine and even cheaper sun just now, a visit to Aquascutum seemed some sort of consolation; they showed me clothes they'll be selling this summer. Aquascutum spent last summer exploring Mediterranean beaches and resorts, and the following winter produced their own version of the Continental look for Britons abroad. Now they have everything ready, from rope-soled shoes to straw hats. And they have experts who will answer questions about what to wear where. Last year this proved popular, especially with men who wanted to know what sort of temperatures to allow for in the more off-beat areas. The telephone number for enquiries is Regent 6090. One of the Aquascutum subsidiaries is Playsports, and I saw a range of co-ordinates by their designers—clothes that can be bought and worn separately or together. They range from a cotton t-shirt with matching boxer shorts to a blazer suit. This is essentially a smart single-breasted blazer (12 gns.) sold with matching trousers in the same lightweight material, a

12-ounce wool gaberdine in navy, brown or black.

Another co-ordinated design is an all-wool jersey suit, in navy, charcoal/green & black. The cardigan is 8 gns., the trousers 8½ gns. Like the blazer suit, this would be tremendously useful for informal wear on cool evenings. For the warmer days, Playsport have designed a matching shirt and trousers in slab weave Terylene and linen, light blue, navy or black; 87s. 6d. & 7 gns. respectively. As an alternative, they have pure cotton sports shirts in blue or burgundy (65s.) with well-cut slim trousers in narrow stripes of the same colours on white (5 gns.). All of the shirts I saw were in cool, light cottons, all were cut short to hip length to look well outside trousers, and all have a pocket of some sort. Aquascutum in fact are firm believers in pockets on their sports clothes; they know that few of us can avoid carrying something of importance—car keys, money, a lighter, sunglasses. So there are pockets in profusion, many of them with button-down flaps. I liked one cool jacket shirt with a poplin inset front and sleeves; the rest is cotton mesh; 5 gns. Many shirts are made of Continental fabrics in sound colours and patterns, and there is a good choice of long or short sleeves. Next to a pair of swim trunks, I think the most useful garment on the beach is a cotton towelling beach-robe. These are available in plain colours and bright stripes for £5 10s., and there is a towelling beach jacket with a hood for 7 gns. This is in plain colours with contrasting trim and lining, two pockets

Clothes with the sun in mind

and a tie-belt. Those who prefer to buy all their clothes in Britain—even espadrilles—can find these comfortable rope-soled canvas shoes for 27s. 6d.

Trousers are also important, and Aquascutum have them, well cut (which means slimly-cut) with the horizontal pockets dropped low for comfort. They range from a plain-coloured synthetic mixture in solid colours, self-belted, for 73s. 6d., to a linen/rayon sackcloth weave in light fawn or straw for 6 gns. From the lightweight jackets I was shown, I would choose a handwoven Madras cotton with minimal lining. It is available in a variety of stripes and checks, with gilt buttons, for 7½ gns. Inveterate casino-goers should see the white shantung silk tuxedo, shawl collar rolling down to a single button, 24 gns. There is, too, a host of miscellaneous items that would justify their space in a suitcase; a V-neck pullover in striped alpaca, 7½ gns. Some three-guinea silk ties, as smart as anything to be found in Europe, Swiss voile evening shirts, wide-banded straw hats, 25s., Polaroid sunglasses, 36s. 6d. I think I could also find room for a zip-top sponge-bag in natural coach hide, 95s. And because I only have a very small sponge, I'd fill the rest of it with a bottle of Caribbean Extract of Limes, 27s. 6d.-17s. 6d. All these things will be on sale at Aquascutum's holiday wear shop from May 7. Clothes like this must, I feel, put the last nail in the coffin of that dreadful image—the Englishman abroad, in rolled-up grey flannels and braces.

DINING IN

Helen Burke

ALL OF US HAVE OUR OWN EASY-TO-PREPARE meals which do not appear to be all that easy. Some are good enough to serve to guests, though we generally like to produce for them something seemingly better, though more conventional, than we give our families. Tripe done the Florentine way, for instance, might be a favourite family dish, but good though it is one would never serve it to guests. Liver, too, though one of the expensive meats, is hardly a guest dish, nor are pigs' feet with long shanks (obtainable only at special shops), even when done in the manner of St. Menehould.

Here is a simple menu for 4 to 5 people: Minted grapefruit; pork spare ribs with prunes, mashed swedes and whipped potatoes; apricot compôte.

For the MINTED GRAPEFRUIT: Peel 2 large or 3 small grapefruit with a sharp knife. Do this over a basin to catch any juice that may escape. Cut the flesh into small wedges, discarding the seeds. Add sugar to taste and sprinkle with several leaves of fresh mint, cut into thin strips. Chill a little before turning into 4 or 5 sundae glasses. Instead of this as a "meal starter" you might prefer something more exotic, such

as avocado pears, which you can occasionally get for as little as 1s. each.

For the main course, though one might hesitate to serve pork to any but one's closest friends, I would have no doubt about the spare ribs because, for me, they are one of the best of all pork cuts. There is, of course, no crackling which some people might regret.

They are to the pig what neck end is to lamb. The meat is very tender and sweet. There is not much fat on it and, in addition, it costs much less than the loin or best end. For preference, choose chops without skin. Sometimes the blade bone is sold with the spare ribs but this makes it a joint difficult to carve. For this reason, it is well to have them without the blade bone.

Have 4 to 5 spare ribs. Dust each of them with salt, pepper and a little flour, then fry them on both sides in an ounce of butter in a strong iron casserole. Pour off all the fat, reserving it for other dishes. Add to the meat half the liquor in which the prunes were soaked, cover and cook gently for ¾ to 1 hour or until the pork is really tender. Meanwhile, simmer

Food for friends

the prunes in their remaining liquor and keep them hot.

Soak ½ lb. washed prunes overnight in ½ pint dry white or red wine or cider, either of them diluted with water if desired, and after arranging the pork pieces on a heated platter surround them with the prunes, stoned or not, just as desired. Keep hot. Add the rest of the prune liquor and a dessertspoon of red-currant jelly to the casserole and simmer to reduce the stock a little. Finally, add ½ pint of double cream and simmer for a few minutes when the sauce will thicken. Pour it over the pork pieces.

Serve with mashed potatoes, whipped with a little butter and hot milk and the boiled, drained and dried swede turnips, mashed with butter and seasoned with lots of freshly milled black pepper.

APRICOT COMPÔTE is an ideal dish with which to follow the rich pork dish. Soak 1 lb. washed dried apricots overnight in water to cover them or, for a more exciting flavour, a medium sweet white wine such as Lutomer Sylvaner and, in each case, a little sugar to taste. Gently simmer them until they are cooked and soft. Sprinkle them with flaked almonds and serve really cold.



Miss Rosemary Jane Hubbard to Mr. Peter Harold Parsons: *She is the daughter of Mr. R. A. Hubbard, of The Cottage, Goodwood, & the Hon Mrs. Hubbard, of Crossways, Sunningdale, Berks. He is the son of the late Captain T. E. H. Parsons, and Mrs. W. E. Barrington-Browne, of Cirencester*

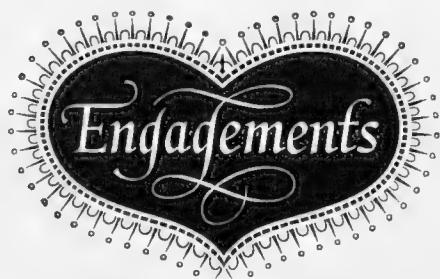


Countess Bunny Esterhazy to the Hon. Dominic Elliot: *She is the daughter of Count Thomas Esterhazy, of Geneva & of Mrs. Arpad Plesch, of Beaulieu-sur-Mer, France. He is the son of the Earl & Countess of Minto, of Braehead, St. Boswells, Roxburghshire*

Lady Gillian Pepys to the Hon. Duncan McGowan: *She is the daughter of the Earl & Countess of Cottenham, of Hungerhill House, Coolham, nr. Horsham, Sussex. He is the son of Lord & Lady McGowan, of Bragborough Hall, Rugby*



Miss Susan Jane Trickett to Lt. Michael Douglas French: *She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. N. R. Trickett, of Woodthorpe, Chilworth, Southampton. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. E. G. French, of Aboyne, Fiona Close, Great Bookham, Surrey*



Allward—Braithwaite: Jennifer, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. George J. Allward of Pipers Croft, Moor Park, Northwood, Middx., was married to John Brian, son of Col. B. L. B. Braithwaite, of High Meadow, Moor Park, Northwood, Middx., and the late Mrs. Braithwaite, at St. James's, Piccadilly

Lawther—Fotheringham: Elizabeth Mary Charlotte, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. T. H. B. Lawther, of Coleherne Court, S.W.5, was married to Robert, son of Major & Mrs. Thomas Steuart Fotheringham, of Fotheringham, Angus, at Brompton Oratory



Silley—Bourdon-Smith: Suzanne Charmian, daughter of the late Mr. B. L. Silley, and of Mrs. Claud Alexander, of Hazels, Downe, Kent, was married to John Hamilton, son of Mr. & Mrs. P. Bourdon-Smith, of Sloane Court West, S.W.3, at St. Simon Zelote's, Chelsea



Robinson—Johnson: Carole, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Donovan Robinson, of Warwick Avenue, 4, was married to Ernest, son of Mr. & Mrs. James Johnson, of Imhurst, Oulton Cross, Stone, Staffordshire, at Holy Trinity, Rompton

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COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Albert Adair

History in miniatures

MINIATURES ARE SOUGHT BY COLLECTORS TODAY either for decorative use or by those who find an absorbing interest in the technique and aesthetic side of miniature painting. Limning, for this was the name by which painting in miniature was known during the 16th century, had gradually been evolved through the centuries from illuminated manuscripts and portraits on medals. However, it was left to Holbein to set the standards from which a tradition has grown, for he applied his skill to perfecting small portraits in water colour on vellum. Miniature portraits seem to have been inspired by the courts of English Kings and Queens and the history of this art may be traced through the various reigns from Henry VIII onwards. The Elizabethans had Hilliard who obtained sole rights for the Queen's miniature portraits. He was followed by Oliver, John Hoskins and Cooper, all of whom painted on either vellum, metal or card. It is rare for

miniatures by these famous artists to be found on the market, but examples of their work may be seen at leading museums such as the Victoria & Albert or the Fitzwilliam at Cambridge.

Ivory, the medium most readily associated with miniatures today, was introduced at the beginning of the 18th century but 50 years elapsed before artists found colouring paints really suitable for application on ivory, and it was only in the last 30 years of the century that the heights of perfection were achieved. An increase in the size of miniatures evident at this time may perhaps have been the influence of fashion which decreed that women should dress their hair high. Great numbers of miniature painters were working during the 18th century and several of the fashionable artists were superb masters of the art. They included John Smart, Richard Cosway, Jeremiah Meyer, Richard Crosse, Andrew Plimer and George Engleheart. Many others less renowned painted

excellent miniatures between the years 1750-1850, which are well worth looking for and acquiring when making a collection.

BOOK FOR STUDENTS

Messrs. Faber & Faber have just published *Sheraton Furniture* by Mr. Ralph Fastnedge, Director of the Lady Lever Art Gallery, a sequel to their book *Regency Furniture*. It is excellently illustrated with over 100 plates. Mr. Fastnedge ingeniously illustrates his arguments from contemporary pattern-books and cost books and from actual pieces of furniture. I was much intrigued with a sketch and estimate for *A Japan'd satin wood Canterbury* supplied by Gillows in 1793. It is priced at £1 8s., and I very much doubt if today 60 guineas would acquire such a piece. This book should prove useful to the student and the collector of English furniture.



John Gauden, Bishop of Worcester, by John Hoskin, 1655. Good example of 17th-century work, has been shown in European and English exhibitions



Lady Chambers, daughter of Joseph Wilson by John Stuart, 1792. She was a great beauty, modelled for Sir Joshua Reynolds. Gold, diamond-studded frame. On view at the V & A



James Crosse by his brother Richard Crosse, 1770. Superb example of enamel work. Artist a deaf mute; his work has been greatly in demand during recent years



Prince Potemkin by a French artist visiting Russia. Late 18th century



A good and typical example of the work of George Engleheart, one of the best known miniaturists of the late 18th century. Style characterized by intricate drawing—note hair, drapery and eyes

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on the Lakeside

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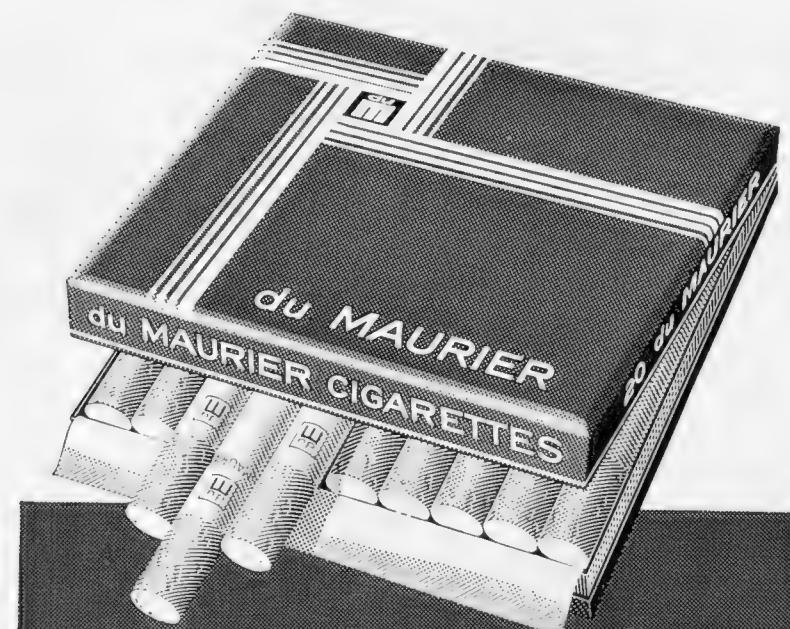
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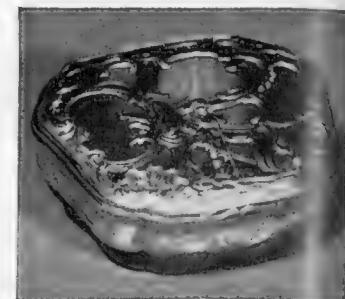
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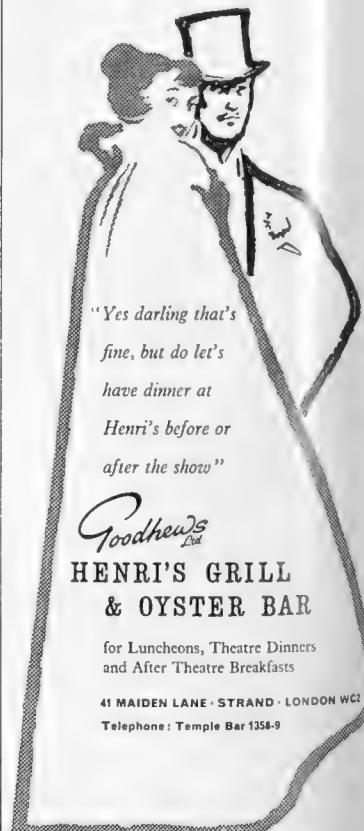


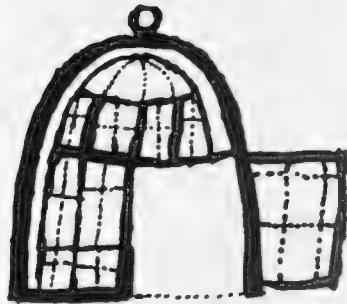
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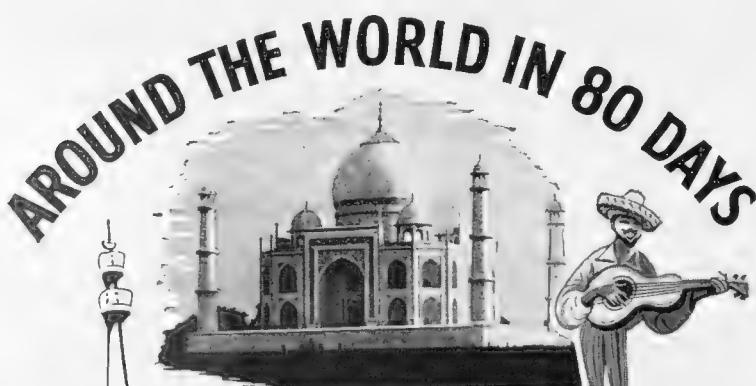
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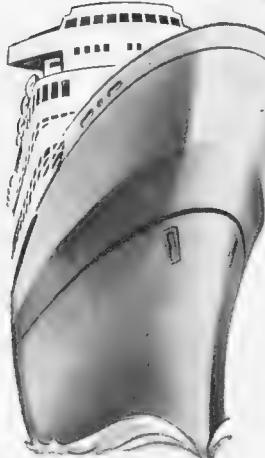
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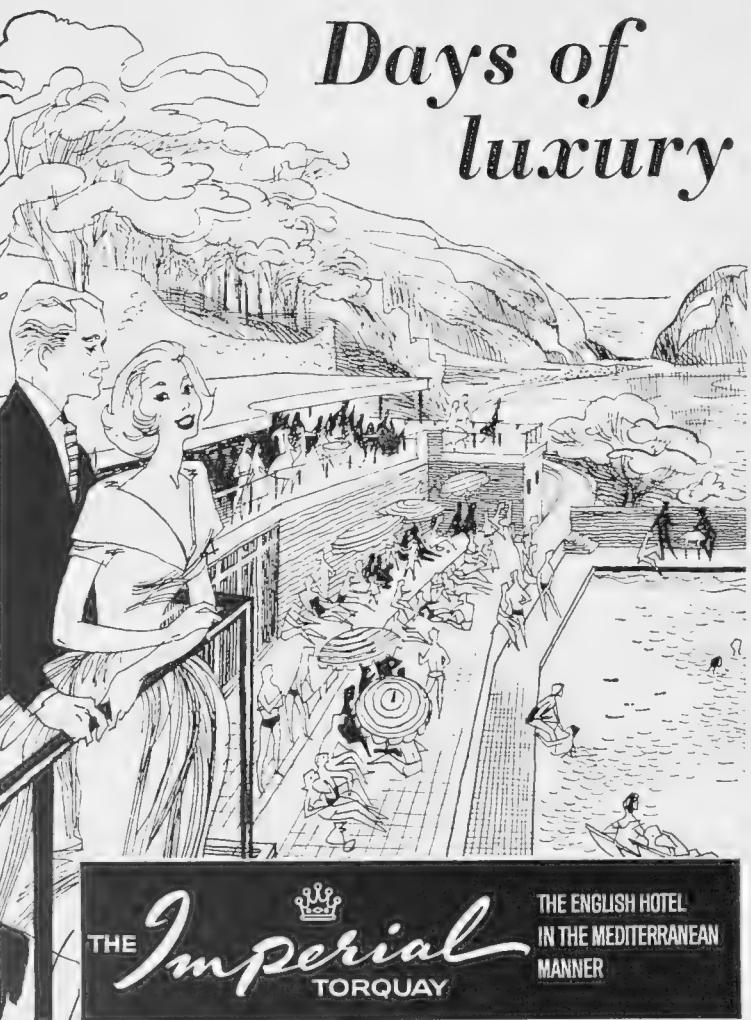
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The Southampton Cocktail Lounge looks out onto the open-air dancing patio. Make an unforgettable entrance to "la vie en rose" in spanking pink Tricel shantung—all smooth sophistication and permanent pleats.

By California and about 5 gns. (below left).

In the Carlton Beach Hotel, paging belongs to the dark ages—although your millionaire may be called on his cigarette-sized Tele-tracer to talk on Long Distance. While you wait look cool, calm and crease-free in this immaculate suit and shirt by Susan Small (bottom left) Chanel-inspired with its casual air! A natural for packing, incidentally. Creases just disappear. About 19 gns. complete. Take to the Hotel's own private beach—acres of blue sea, coral sand. In the latest beachwear, you're dollar-bait. (Below) Sportaville makes the outfit on the left—super-slim pants, top cropped to show a lean, brown midriff. In Tricel cord to wash without worry. About £3.12.6. The fitted trews and loose top in a Tricel and rayon stripe are from Windsmoor. No problems about creases. They vanish. About £3.9.6.

RTE-123



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Bermuda offers sports galore—organised and improvised. Golf, tennis and deep-sea fishing for the pompano, wahoo and marlin that Hemingway might have written about. But perhaps you'll prefer just exploring. Cave women (1962 version) look their best like this (*left*). Pierre Elegante made these trowsers 'n' top in Tricel and rayon slub—blissfully comfortable, completely crease-free. About 4½ gns. By the Hotel's private swimming pool, sport a "blue chip" basking outfit by Slimma (*below left*) and watch heads turn. It's in Tricel and Durafil poplin, elegant but tough, and would be perfect for sailing too. About 6 gns.

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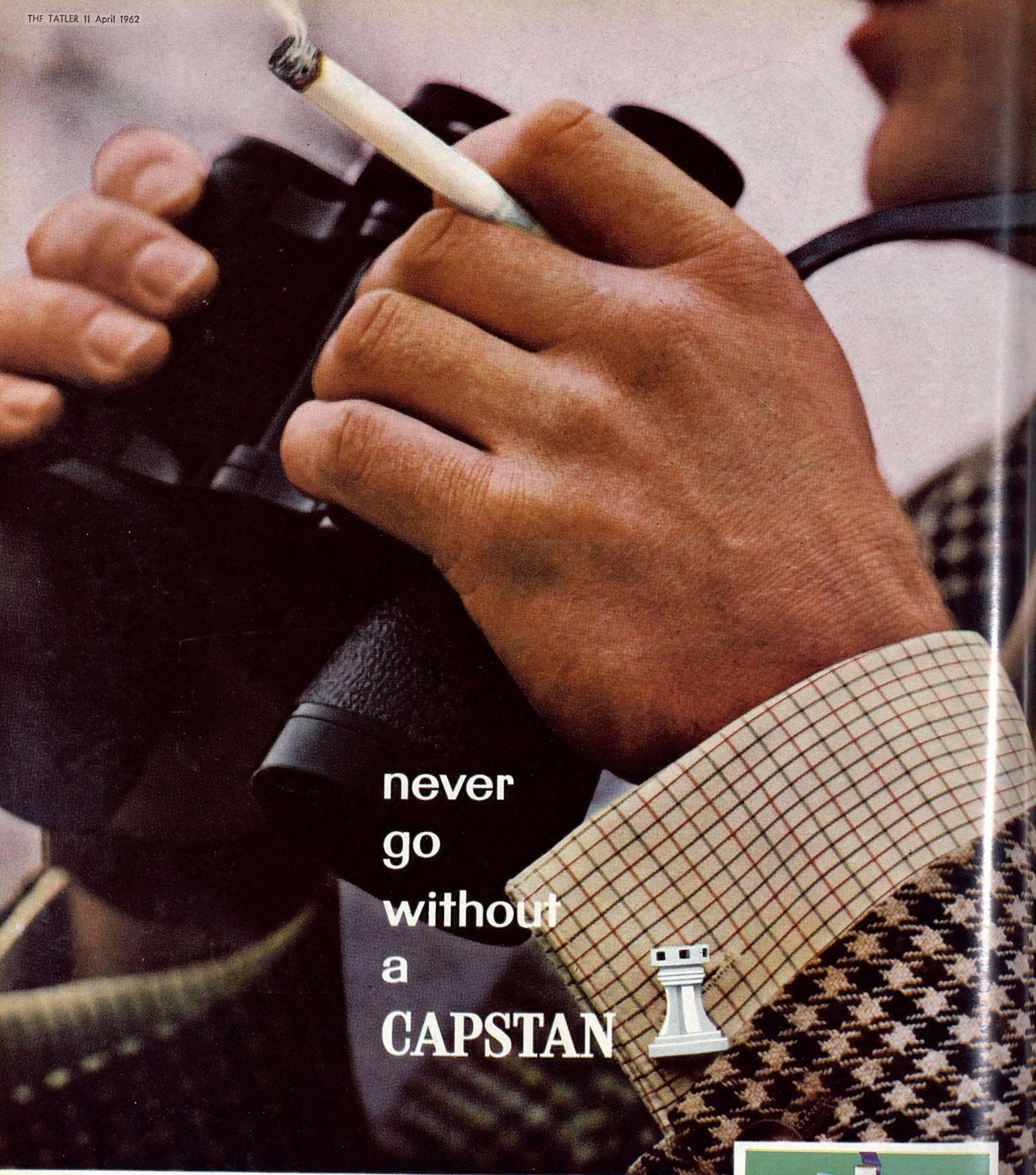
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